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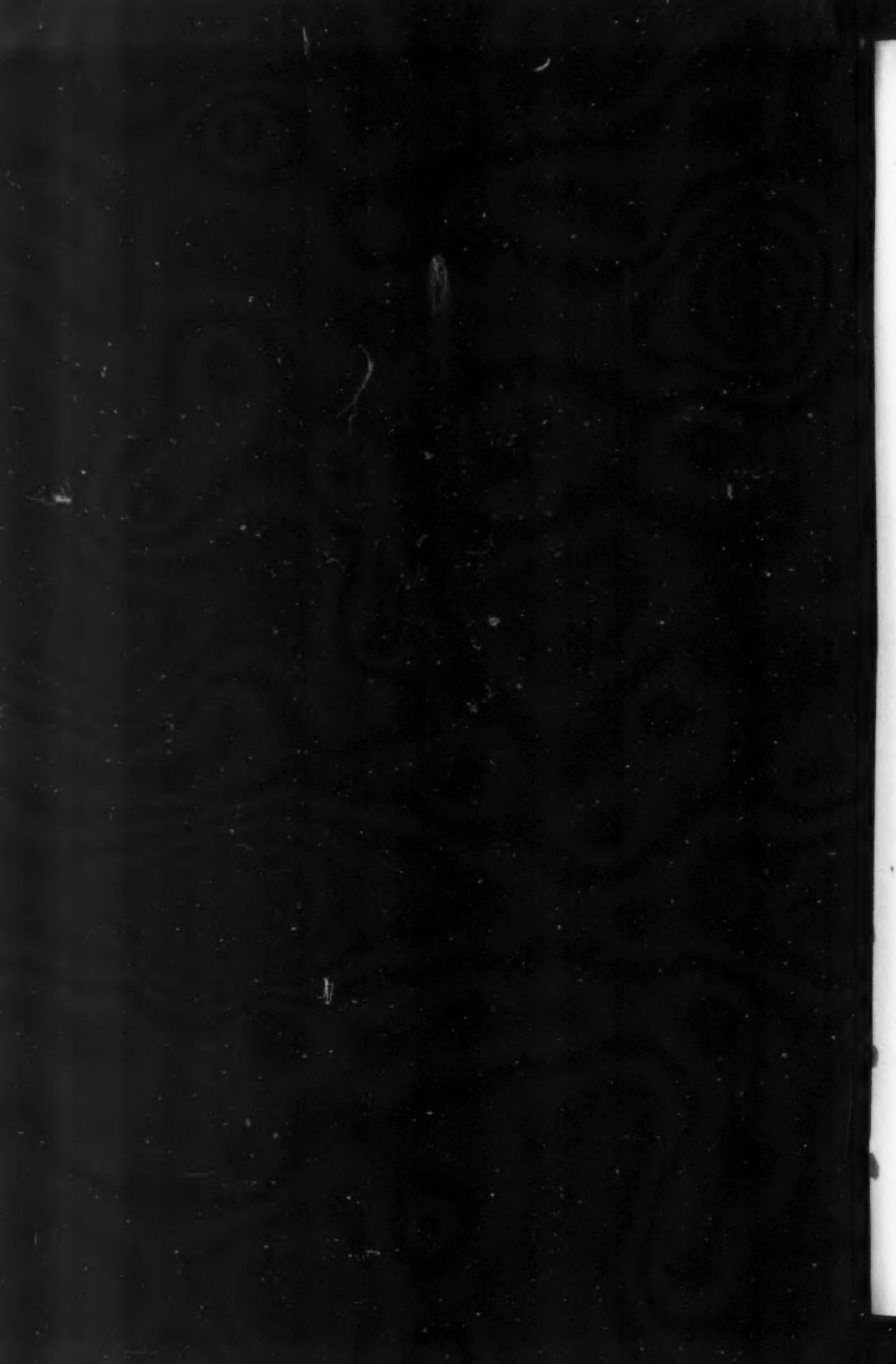
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Volume IX. }

No. 2688.—January 11, 1896.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCVIII. }

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A ROBIN.

What art thou doing there,
Robin, sweet Robin,
On yonder bough so bare,
Singing, or sobbing?

Through the long summer days
Heard wert thou rarely:
Lark, thrush, and nightingale
Outsung thee fairly.

Now when lark, thrush, and all
Silence are keeping;
Skies like a leaden pall;
Mist undercreeping;

Where the dark yew its shade
Over churchyards is flinging,
Thou sittest and singest,—
Oh! what art thou singing?

It is not of love;
Love needs one to hear it;
It is not of life;
Death and tombs are too near it.

And it is not in hope
With the long days before us,
With the limitless scope,
And the woods sweet in chorus.

But when all else is still,
Or winds only are sighing,
Leaves falling around thee
Decaying and dying,

When some fire yet unknown
In thy warm heart is throbbing,
Thou sittest and singest there,
Robin, sweet Robin;

Gay of heart, cheerily,
Chiding our sadness;
But oh! there are tears in thee,
Bird, in thy gladness.

Spectator.

A. G. B.

SLUMBER-SONG.

Sleep! the spirits that attend
On thy waking hours are fled.
Heaven thou canst not now offend
Till thy slumber-plumes are shed;
Consciousness alone doth lend
Life its pain, and Death its dread;
Innocence and Peace befriend
All the sleeping and the dead.

Spectator.

JOHN B. TABB.

UPON CYNTHIA'S FAN.

Soft feathers, white and curled,
Round polished ivory,
No fan in all the world
Is half so fair to see;
And who that looked thereon would guess
It harbored such unkindliness?

For, Cynthia, can I sing
With any truth or grace
The virtues of a thing
That screens my Cynthia's face?
Nay; I'll not praise haphazard-wise
The fan that dares to hide those eyes.
Temple Bar. A. C.

MY MASTERPIECE.

While other authors to a man,
Work hurriedly and never cease,
I sit apart and inly plan
My masterpiece.

I've nothing written of it yet,
No, not so much as one short line,
Although I've brooded over it
Eight years or nine.

I shall not write as in this age
Most do, *currente calamo*,
I'll be content to fill a page
A day, or so.

'Tis not a thing to lightly take
In hand, and deal with now and then—
The work destined (I think) to shake
The souls of men.

They call me lazy: I am not,
I meditate from morn till eve,
How deep I am sometimes in thought
You'd scarce believe.

I may seem indolent perhaps,
So did James Watt: I'm raking in
Materials: when two years elapse
I shall begin.

Yet my ideal is so rare,
'Twould be a shame, sometimes I think,
To rear one, maybe not so fair,
With pen and ink.

But if I do, what high renown,
What glory never to decrease,
What universal praise shall crown
My masterpiece!

Spectator.

W. H.

From The Nineteenth Century.

KASHMIR.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

Among the districts of the world famous for beauty of whatever type, the Valley of Kashmir holds the first place. It triumphantly carries away the prize of loveliness from Switzerland, the Yellowstone Park, the Italian Lakes, Ceylon, the highlands of Scotland, and many other fair and celebrated rivals. Its supreme charm, like that of Cleopatra, is its infinite variety, a microcosm of the world itself, each part perfection; filled, like the Garden of Eden, with everything that can delight the eye. And other rarer beauties belong to Kashmir which Eden could not possess; for natural beauty is in part composed of sentiment and association, and a paradise in which is found no trace of the vigor and intellect and work of man loses much of its attraction. A railway embankment, with the fleeting cloud of a passing locomotive, relieves the monotonous beauty of a silent solitude, and the stucco towers which look down upon the Rhine comfort the poor human soul, which faints and fails in the presence of the eternal desolation of the Yosemite Valley. Nature is too anti-pathetic and even hostile to civilized man for it to be possible to enjoy her beauty in too prolonged a honeymoon. And to those who realize this, and do not desire, like St. Simeon Stylites, to live above and beyond human emotions, Kashmir is complete and sufficient. For there, as part of the natural beauty in which they were born and nourished, an interesting race, an ancient and stately civilization, and a scientific religion had their home long before Romulus traced with a furrow the future walls of Rome.

To pious Hindus the soil of Kashmir is still as sacred as was that of Palestine to Christians in the age of faith; the glorious goddess Párvati has sailed on its enchanted lake; the Pándavas, the semi-divine heroes of the great India epic, the "Mahábhárata," descended from the Kashmir mountains

to war and conquest in Hindostan. Every village has its memorial of the old dynasties or the ancient creed, too often in overturned idols and ruined temples, where the foolish iconoclastic fury of Islám flamed against the harmless and tolerant beliefs of Brahmanism; and, chief of all, commanding what has been pronounced the most beautiful view in the known world, still stands in ruined glory the stately Temple of the Sun at Martand, looking down the glorious valley one hundred miles in length and eighty in width, an emerald of verdure enclosed in a radiant amphitheatre of virgin snow.

For the purely natural beauty of Kashmir, apart from living, human interest and archaeological or historical association, no praise can seem extravagant to those who have visited it or who have lived within the far-stretching fascination of its snow-clad mountains, which dominate the whole northern plain of the Punjab, from Umbala to Peshawar. From the battlements of the fortress of Lahore the white line of the Pir Panjál lies athwart the northern sky, in the early spring or whenever the grateful rain has washed the atmosphere free of its customary veil of haze and dust; from Jalandhar, Amritsar, Jhelam, and Rawulpindi the same glorious wall of snow rejoices the heart and braces the nerves of all who look upon it with unceasing admiration from the sad, sun-beaten plains below. And as the traveller rises higher through gorge and pass, the Pir Panjál, a rival in height to Mont Blanc, becomes of small account in the vast wilderness of mountains which rise behind the valley, range upon range, to the divinity-haunted citadel of Nanga-Parbat, nearly twenty-seven thousand feet above the sea. Leaving the austere glories of the mountain peaks, the Valley of Kashmir, with its many offshoots, is altogether beautiful: a land of streams, from the rivers Jhelam and Kishnganga to a thousand brooks and fountains flowing from the dark pine forests to the lower slopes, where their waters are all but hidden beneath the

wealth of foliage and flowers—wild roses, clematis, and honeysuckle. And although wave after wave of Muhammadanism has swept over the valley and the mass of the population belong to that strait-laced and somewhat gloomy creed, Kashmir belongs to Hinduism as Rome is the common inheritance of Christendom, and the old gods have by no means accepted annihilation. Though Great Pan be dead in Greece, the twilight of the gods is not yet in Kashmir. Every grove has its familiar deity, every clear spring or rushing torrent its water-nymph. The picturesque pantheism which is but the outward and popular garb of the higher and more etherial monotheism, which sees God everywhere in nature, which hears his voice in rolling thunder and peoples the woods and streams with supernatural life derived from him, is a gracious belief more suited to the idyllic Valley of Kashmir than the gross materialism which would seem the only religion in this England of ours, where the golden calf is set up for public worship, between a ballet girl and a French cook.

I wish that it were possible to attract to Kashmir the attention of intelligent, travel-loving, and well-to-do English people, that they might understand that in this glorious valley was a playground in every way superior to the threadbare and drop-scene Switzerland, where one peak answers to another in the high-pitched accents of Cockaigne or Chicago. The expense of the expedition is not great, and, indeed, six months of Kashmir would not cost a third of the outgoings of an ordinary London season. Distance! The meaning of the word is all but forgotten; for science has obliterated space, and difficulties no more exist in the journey to Kashmir than for the Persian possessor of the magic carpet that bore him through the air. A fortnight of a luxurious voyage through summer seas; two or three days' train journey to Rawulpindi, through a strange, new land; two days' easy drive through glorious Himalayan scenery, and the fortunate traveller finds himself at

Baramulla, the gateway of the earthly paradise.

There is a special and sufficient reason for calling attention to Kashmir at the present moment. Were there no such reason this article would have no *raison d'être*; for the beauty of the country, which has inspired Persian and English poets alike, requires no praise from me. But Kashmir has, after generations of misery, depression, and depopulation, just reached a position which promises future prosperity, and for this result the British government, the maharaja, and the English officers in the service of the Kashmir State are equally entitled to praise—the first for the generosity and good faith with which it has dealt with a feudatory State; the prince for the good sense with which he not only accepted inevitable reforms, but cordially and loyally carried them out; and the last for the brilliant and devoted manner in which they have worked for the permanent advantage of the State. When the late maharaja, Ranbir Singh, died, in 1885, the government of India considered that the time had come to revise their relations with Kashmir. The approach of Russia to our north-western frontier had given Kashmir a new and vital importance, and it was imperative for the government, upon whom the danger and responsibility in the event of invasion must fall, to take such measures as appeared suitable or necessary to guard its borders and hold the command of the northern passes through the higher Himalayan ranges into the Kashmir Valley. It was decided to occupy the northern frontier post of Gilgit with a garrison under English officers; to connect it with Srinagar, the capital of the valley, by a military road across the wilderness of mountains, two hundred and thirty miles in length, crossing the difficult Burzil Pass, thirteen thousand six hundred feet above the sea; and to induce the maharaja to allow some portion of his nondescript army to be properly drilled and disciplined, so as to be able to take a creditable place in the system of imperial defence. So

much as this the government could rightly insist upon, as the paramount power responsible for the common safety; but there were other measures of reform which were rather concerned with internal administration, in which those feudatory princes of India who have retained independent jurisdiction jealously resent the interference of the English government, and which were, nevertheless, imperative if Kashmir was to be made a strong and helpful frontier State. Here the good sense of the maharaja became conspicuous, and, putting aside the evil counsellors, the priests and astrologers, by whom he had been surrounded during the early years of his reign, and from whose fatal influence his distinguished father had never been able to escape, he threw himself with energy into the path of reform; he built a cartroad to the Punjab, to open up his country to trade, and, applying to the government for an English officer to make a new settlement of land revenue, supported him and his successor through all the wearisome opposition of his ministers till the work has now been brought to a successful termination. To ordinary English readers the words a settlement of land revenue, a survey, an accurate system of accounts, a record of rights in land, convey but little meaning. But, as I will hereafter explain, they signify the difference between happiness and misery, between poverty and prosperity to the whole agricultural population of an Oriental country. To all simple and primitive people who are mainly dependent for their livelihood on the land, a record of rights, which secures their privileges and limits their burthens and obligations, is of the first importance. Without it they are mere tenants at will, the sport and victims of the first petty official tyrant.

Only of secondary importance are good roads. Those to Gilgit, on the north-west frontier, and southward, connecting the valley with the Punjab, are conspicuous illustrations of the benefits which are conferred on a difficult and isolated country by scientifically planned and constructed

communications. Good roads rank higher than education as a civilizing agency, and the English, as colonizers and rulers of subject races, have no higher title to honor than as road-makers, which they share with their prototypes the Romans. These two lines of road—that from Srinagar to Gilgit, and that to the Punjab from Srinagar and Baramulla along the course of the Jhelam River—have been aligned and built by an English engineer, with great skill and of excellent solidity; and, without them, it is not too much to assert that the regeneration of Kashmir could not have been affected. For they have relieved the villagers from the intolerable burden of the *corvée*, or forced labor, to which half the population was liable, and which was worked in the most cruel and oppressive manner; while the line to the rich plains of India has secured the valley against famine, which, in old days, was a recurring disaster whenever an inadequate snow-fall on the high mountain ranges caused a failure in the supply of water for irrigation. It will always be necessary that the repair and maintenance of these important roads should remain in the charge of an English engineering staff. No native administration that I have known has seriously cared about road construction, or has ever efficiently maintained a metalled road. They grudge the money spent on it, and leave it to fall into decay, when its condition rapidly becomes worse than the original country track. This is so well understood in India that all our main lines of road, passing through the territories of independent princes, are kept in repair by the Department of Public Works. Unless the same procedure is insisted upon with reference to the Kashmir roads, they will soon become as useless as they are now valuable. This observation applies to all reform in Kashmir, and the benefits which have accrued to the people from the new settlement and the record of rights in land must be carefully safeguarded and watched by the British government, or they will soon be overgrown and choked

by the ill weeds of oppression and apathy. It is not in a day or a year that lessons of generosity, foresight, and public spirit are learned by a corrupt native government, which for generations has seen the sufferings of its subjects with indifference, and has not taken the trouble to remove them, even when it understood that its own loss of revenue and reputation was the immediate result of its selfish neglect. The *vis inertiae* of a native State is inconceivable by Europeans until they have witnessed it, and when a reform has been effected the tendency is that of the bent bow to straighten itself, the pendulum to swing back. The land settlement of Kashmir is only for ten years, and at the expiration of that period the government will doubtless make it its business to see that the harvest now sown is allowed its full fruition, and that the rapacious officials, who have so long thriven on the misery of the peasants, are prevented from again seizing their prey. It would be in Kashmir as it would be in Egypt if the strong impulse for good with which England has permeated the administration were withdrawn—in a few years every reform would have disappeared, and the last state of the people would be worse than the first, inasmuch as they had been allowed a season of hope before being relegated to despair.

The late maharaja, Ranbir Singh, father of the present chief, was a remarkable example of the difficulty which a native prince of distinction experiences in rising above the evil influences which surround him in greedy, self-seeking courtiers, whose chief object it is to prevent him seeing or understanding the condition of his people. No country was ever worse governed than Kashmir under Ranbir Singh, and yet I sincerely believe that he was a man of high intelligence and a most generous, kindly nature. I have never seen any prince in Europe or Asia who bore himself more nobly, and a long and intimate acquaintance only increased the feelings of affection and respect which I entertained for him. I distinctly remember, though it is

nearly thirty years ago, my first meeting with him. Sir John Lawrence had been appointed viceroy, and was coming to Lahore to receive the independent princes and nobles of the Punjab, who had known him so well and long as chief commissioner. First of the ruling princes of North India was the maharaja of Kashmir, who had marched from Jammu, his winter capital, to Shalimar, on the banks of the Ravi, to attend the great Durbar, and, as a young assistant magistrate, I was a humble member of a deputation of high English officials who were to escort the maharaja to his camp in the historic plains beneath the walls of the Lahore fortress, where his uncle, Raja Dhyán Singh, had been assassinated, and which his father, the wily Raja Guláb Singh, had successfully defended in 1841, against the whole Sikh army, afterwards retreating to Jammu with a great part of the treasure, money and jewels, which Maharaja Ranjit Singh had stored in the fort, and with which plunder, five years later, he purchased Kashmir from the British government.

The maharaja received us in his tent pavilion, the pillars of which were of solid silver and the walls of Kashmir shawls of great value. An exceedingly handsome man, with regular features, jet black beard tied back under his white muslin turban, with manners the most gracious and courteous, he looked every inch a king; and his surroundings were as picturesque as himself, for on this his first visit to British territory he had brought a large part of his army, a multi-colored, strangely armed retinue, where all the tints favored by Sikhs and Rajputs, crimson, pink, lemon color, and blue, were side by side with men clad in second-hand cast-off British uniforms and imitation Highland costume, where pink-colored fleshings represented the natural sunburnt hue of the Scotchmen's knees. Never was such a collection of mediæval armor, helmets, breastplates, chain shirts, crossbows, arquebuses, and swivel guns mounted on camels—a burlesque army, something between a nightmare and a performance of

"L'Africaine" at Covent Garden. But the inherent nobility of Maharaja Ranbir Singh gave dignity to even this heterogeneous multitude. A few days later I accompanied him by railway to Amritsar. The line, the first in the Punjab, had lately been opened between the sacred city of the Sikhs and Lahore, and the maharaja, who was accompanied by his eldest son, the present chief, and his younger sons, had never seen a locomotive before. But his admirable self-control was as far removed from childish surprise as from the insolent indifference of the savage, who thinks it beneath his dignity to be interested in the strangest marvels of Western science. The whole city of Amritsar had come to the railway station to meet him. Never has a British viceroy in India, so far as I have seen, aroused such intense interest in the native population as did the maharaja of Kashmir on his visit to Amritsar. His father, his two uncles, and his first cousin, Raja Hira Singh, had made, in great part, Punjab history of the years preceding annexation, and all were eager to see the great prince who had alone survived those days of storm and blood, with power unimpaired, with greater reputation and wider territory.

The maharaja was a clever, and, for a prince, a learned man, well versed in Sanscrit lore, and a collector of rare manuscripts. He sincerely desired the prosperity of his country, and although generous and, indeed, lavish on occasion, he was temperate and frugal in his personal life. Sincerely attached to the British government, he extended a royal hospitality to all English traders in his dominions;¹ merchants and traders were well treated and an intelligent interest was taken in and liberal patronage extended to experiments for improving or introducing sericulture, hop-growing, wine-making; for all of which industries the climate of the valley is admirably suited. But not

withstanding his many virtues and accomplishments, Ranbir Singh had not the force of character necessary to make a good ruler. Superstitious and conservative, he trusted to his Brahman advisers, who oppressed the people in every possible way in order to fill their own pockets; each year their power grew and his resistance diminished, until at last, he was kept almost a prisoner in his palace at Jammu, and the omens were declared to be against his visiting the valley and seeing with his own eyes how his people were misgoverned. With the best possible intentions, the maharaja caused, by his neglect and apathy, as much evil as if he had been a wilful tyrant. The great famine of 1876-78, which swept away a proportion of the inhabitants, estimated from a third to two-fifths, was directly due to maladministration, to the wholesale robbery of the peasants by the officials, and the absence of roads which might bring food into the valley. The epidemics of cholera, which should be unknown in so good a climate, were directly the result of defiance of all sanitary laws in the city of Srinagar, and the exhaustion of a half-starved and demoralized people.

The Brahmans, locally known as Pundits, form the official class in Kashmir, and they have consistently upheld the precepts of Manu, the Hindu law-giver, as to the functions of the heaven-born caste. To the king, the representative of the military class, was assigned the dangerous honor of leading the army in battle and representing it ceremonially in peace; to him the glory, the danger, and the sudden death. To the Brahman was assigned by Manu a more comfortable position. His person was declared sacred, and he was placed behind the throne as the adviser of the prince, who was generally less powerful than the minister who spoke in his name. The Kashmir Pundits, about sixty thousand in number, form almost the entire Hindu population, the inferior castes having been driven out or having accepted Muhamadanism in the fourteenth century, during the fierce

¹ This virtue of hospitality was so far vicarious that a special tax, under the name of *jalus*, was levied on all Kashmir villages to defray the expense of entertaining English visitors.

persecutions of Sháh-i-Hamadán and Sikandar the Iconoclast. Half of these live in Srinagar and the towns, and the others are agriculturists in the villages. A small proportion are priests, a class altogether apart, who do not intermarry with other Brahmans; some are astrologers, but the great majority are Kárkuns, the working class, whose chief employment has been always found in the service of the State, as clerks and officials, though a large number are now compelled to live by trade or agriculture. The higher ranks of these Kárkun Pundits are men of delightful manners and high intelligence. With the exception of the Mahratta Brahmans of western India, there is hardly any class more distinguished for astuteness and versatility; and had their honesty and public spirit been equal to their ability, no prince could have found more competent admirers. But like all castes set apart from and above the people, they have never gained popular sympathy, the more so that the mass of the Kashmir population belongs to a hostile creed which, both in the early days of Muhamadan enthusiasm and under the barbarous and cruel rule of the Pathans, from 1752 to 1819, treated the Pundits as an accursed race and killed and plundered them without mercy. When the Pundits regained power on the conquest of Kashmir by Maharaja Runjit Singh, they took their revenge. Their methods were not so crude and brutal as those of the Pathans, but they were skilled in the arts of scientific tyranny; and probably no people in the East have suffered more misery and, in a rich and fertile paradise, have endured more grinding poverty than the Kashmiri Musalmáns under Sikh governors and Rajput princes.

With the great Pundit family which gave to both Maharaja Guláb Singh and his son, Ragbir Singh, their most powerful ministers, I was well acquainted; for, during the greater portion of the term that I held the secretaryship of the Punjab government, the British relations with Kashmir were conducted by the lieutenant-

governor of that province, and a Punjab officer was sent each summer to Srinagar to look after the interests of British visitors, and hold in check those wilder spirits who were wont to shock less adventurous travellers by diversions more suited to the Moulin Rouge than a decorous Hindu city. Attached to the Punjab secretariat, and in attendance on the lieutenant-governor, was one of the Pundit brotherhood, generally Diwán Kirpa Rám, a man of ability and culture and a delightful companion, a ripe scholar and well versed in European politics. On great occasions his father or uncle, the Diwáns Nihál Chand or Joala Sahai, were specially deputed by the maharaja to add greater weight to his representations; but they were then old, Joala Sahai was partly paralyzed, and it was difficult to realize that he had once been the trusted adviser of Sir John Lawrence and the brain and hand of Maharaja Guláb Singh. Good or bad administrators, oppressive and corrupt as they may have been, the Diwán family will always hold a high place in the friendly remembrances of those who knew them well for their courtesy, intelligence, and varied charm.

The Muhamadan population of the valley, which is fifteen times as numerous as the Hindus, does not take nearly so high a place in the social scale. There is perhaps, no race in Asia which has so evil a reputation for dishonesty, treachery, sullenness, dirt, laziness, and cowardice. Moorcroft, Hugel, Drew, and a host of witnesses in ancient and modern times, bear the same unfavorable testimony, and according to these authorities, the famous lines of Bishop Heber on Ceylon:—

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,

might have been accurately applied to Kashmir, though it was a gross libel on the gentle, docile, and blameless Cingalese. But the vices engendered by tyranny should not justly be laid at the door of the victims. Lying is the traditional weapon of the slave,

and sullenness and laziness were excusable in people from whom everything was taken except the bare necessities of existence. Even these were not always left, and the starving peasants, from whom the taxgatherers had taken the last measure of rice, had to support life, like wild beasts, on roots and grass and the bark of trees. What was once the nondescript rabble of the Kashmir army has lately done excellent service on the Gilgit border, under English officers, well-appointed, drilled, and disciplined, and other virtues than bravery and obedience may be expected to develop under just and liberal treatment. To counterbalance their shortcomings they have many good and valuable qualities. They are witty and quick at repartee, and as artisans possess a marvellous sense of beauty in color and form, which has long given them a world-wide reputation as shawl and carpet weavers, and workers in silver, ivory, and lacquer. They are excellent gardeners, boatmen, and musicians, and thoroughly appreciate the beauty of their country, which is more than can be said of the inhabitants of some mountainous districts in Europe. The Kashmiri is fond of his wife and children, and there is very little immorality among the village population. The wife is a real helpmeet to her husband, and is commonly the more important and influential person in the household. Crime, in agricultural districts, either against persons or property, is almost unknown, and although this is in great part due to the severity of the criminal code and the close espionage of the village system, yet the much-abused Kashmiri may well be allowed to place the fact to his credit. The settlement officer who has been intimately associated with the peasant life of Kashmir for several years, writes of the people in the most sympathetic and hopeful manner, and declares his belief that two generations of a just and strong rule will transform the Kashmiri into a useful, intelligent, and fairly honest man.

It may be hoped that the Land

Revenue Settlement of the valley will inaugurate a new era for Kashmir; in any case it will give the country a better chance of prosperity than it has before enjoyed. It was started by Mr. Wingate, C.I.E., and was continued in 1889 and completed during the present year by Mr. Walter Lawrence, C.I.E., both experienced revenue officers of the Indian Civil Service, whose services were lent to the maharaja by the Punjab government. The history of the settlement operations, including a gazetteer of Kashmir, full of information which cannot be found elsewhere, has lately been written by Mr. Lawrence and published in a very attractive form by the Oxford University Press. As a record of admirable work carried patiently and consistently, under many difficulties, to a satisfactory conclusion, it is not surpassed by any of the modern administrative achievements of Englishmen either in Asia or Africa. The brilliant results attained in Egypt by the devoted labors of a few distinguished, honest, and capable men have attracted the general attention of Europe from their international interest and importance, but the work done in Kashmir is equally deserving of praise and consideration, and the result is the more remarkable as it virtually records the triumph of one man over the combined forces of ignorance, apathy, and corruption. English readers would not be interested in a detailed account of the work of the settlement. The object was to accurately survey the country, draw up a record of rights, and fix an assessment of land revenue which should redeem the population from the shameless official exactions which were depopulating the country and ruining the maharaja. It had been the practice to put up villages to auction to the highest bidders, who were needy speculators who squeezed the last possible rupee from the peasants; impossible revenue demands remaining unpaid were added to the debt against the village; the system of begár, or forced labor, was a vast system of extortion under which not only

labor but every kind of property was taken by the officials without payment. Nearly everything in the valley was brought under taxation, the usual method being to declare each product the subject of a State monopoly and farm it out to a contractor, who was usually a man of straw, who had to bribe high to obtain the monopoly, and who proved a defaulter when called upon to pay the State demand. Everything except air and water was the subject of taxation, even natural products of the forest or the lake, as violets and water-nuts, and the authorized perquisites of the officials, which made them independent of State salaries, were supplemented by illegitimate exactions which knew no limit but the exhaustion of the people.

All this is now changed. The holdings of the peasants have been accurately measured and recorded; waste land has been assigned to villages in sufficient quantity; the assessment which each has to pay has been fixed for a term of years; permanent occupancy rights have been generally conferred and made hereditary so long as the assessment made at settlement be duly paid. The iniquitous system of forced labor has been in a great measure abolished, together with illegitimate contributions and petty, harassing taxes; each man knows what the State claims from him, and resists attempts at further extortion. The revenue officials are well paid, and have no longer any excuse for living on the people, and the agriculturists, who were starving and in rags, are now as well fed and clothed as any peasantry in the world. In place of the force of 7,429 soldiers who were required to collect the revenue, it is rare for a messenger from the local collector's office to enter a village with a demand; while the State revenue has largely increased, for the money finds its way into the treasury instead of into the pockets of greedy middlemen and contractors. The change that has been effected is a peaceful revolution, which has transformed a population of down-trodden serfs into a community of free-

men, and for this happy result it must never be forgotten that, whatever the ability of the English officers who have done the work, Maharaja Partáb Singh is entitled to the chief share of the credit. The opposition during the early years of the settlement was serious and general, for the villagers, with whom faith had been invariably broken, were apathetic, and every official was in arms to defend his threatened plunder; but the loyal and unflinching support of the maharaja and the State Council gradually broke down the obstruction, and the prince has the satisfaction of knowing that his public spirit has won universal commendation, while his backward country has entered the community of well-ordered and civilized States.

The colonization of Kashmir by Englishmen, so far as this is consistent with the independence of the maharaja and the advantage of the people, is a question of the highest interest and importance. I discussed it nearly seven years ago before the Royal Colonial Institute, and urged the Home and Indian governments to consider it carefully as a measure which would largely add to our defensive strength. I pointed out that in Kashmir alone, within the temperate zone of the Himalayas, was an extensive region, fertile in soil and salubrious in climate, where Englishmen might settle in such large numbers as to found a military and industrial colony of the utmost importance to the empire; that all fruits and grains of temperate climates grew in its rich soil, and that for some of the most valuable productions, such as wine, silk, tea, cinchona, and hops, it was peculiarly suited. My suggestions attracted much comment and criticism, both favorable and hostile, and although the officers who were then commencing the Kashmir Settlement were somewhat alarmed at their extent, I am well pleased to find that their soundness is now acknowledged, and that the best hope for the development of Kashmir is admitted to lie in the introduction of English colonists and English capital. Not that I would now

advocate so large a scheme as that which I discussed at the Colonial Institute. The situation has changed and we have no longer to deal with a hopeless people and an administration so sullen and obstructive that the government of India would have been fully justified in enforcing any measures necessary to imperial defence whether the maharaja approved or disapproved of them. But every true lover of India who earnestly desires the native princes to prosper in honorable independence, must rejoice that Maharaja Partáb Singh has voluntarily entered on the path of enlightened progress. The testimony of the last seven years of the Land Revenue Settlement is amply sufficient to rehabilitate him in the judgment of impartial men, and if the Indian Foreign Office realizes the importance of the position at Srinagar, and maintains there discreet and sympathetic officers, such as Colonel Nisbet and Colonel D. Barr, the late residents, there is every hope that the present promise of good will result in a rich future harvest. But the maharaja will need a strong and friendly adviser to help him to resist the reactionary influences which will be brought to bear upon him. While his wise acceptance of measures of radical reform has made it imperative to consult his wishes on a question like colonization, there is no reason to anticipate his opposition to well-considered proposals on behalf of an orderly and useful class of colonists. Opposition is more probable from the Indian government, which has never been able to overcome an hereditary and instinctive dislike of independent European enterprise. The prejudice is a survival of the old East India Company, when every outsider seemed an enemy to a community of merchant monopolists; and it cannot be denied that there were, and are, strong reasons for maintaining a strict control over Europeans in native States, where they are often a danger as well as a nuisance. At any rate, Satan must be excluded from the Kashmir paradise, and no European should either be

allowed to visit Kashmir or settle there without due authorization, while the grant of land for industrial purposes or residence would rest with the Kashmir government. There is a large and increasing class of Englishmen, chiefly composed of retired military and civil officers, who would be glad to settle in the valley, where they could live far more economically than in England, and where the climate would allow them to bring up their families.

With regard to the introduction of English capital, it is essential that in these days, when foreign nations close the door against our commerce by hostile and prohibitive tariffs, every effort should be made to develop the industrial resources of the empire. Fortunately, England has found in Mr. Chamberlain a colonial minister of genius, who has understood the glorious possibilities of the future, and who is determined, so far as lies within the power of his high office, to realize them, and in this patriotic duty he will be accompanied by the cordial sympathy of all Englishmen who love their country. Nor is it too much to hope that the India Office will follow the same policy and rival the Colonial Office in the worthy endeavor to benefit the trade of England by opening new markets and indicating safe investments for English capital. A railway is about to be made to Uganda, and the decision is a statesmanlike one. But who that has read the accounts of Portal and Colville of this primeval wilderness, haunted by malarial fever and inhabited by naked savages, with no wants that civilization can supply and able to give little that civilization cares for, except ivory, which is the price of blood, can doubt that a railway to Kashmir, and a well-ordered colonization of its suitable districts, would be more profitable to English merchants and manufacturers than that to Uganda? The construction of the Kashmir railway is important on commercial grounds and necessary for the due development of the country. It was warmly advocated by Colonel Parry Nisbet, the resident at Srinagar,

whose energy and public spirit inspired the administration, and the maharaja not only gave the scheme his full support, but paid for detailed surveys of the alternative routes to the Punjab. It was placed before the government of India in 1890, but although Lord Lansdowne fully acknowledged its advantages, and Lord Roberts, the commander-in-chief, urged its construction as a valuable measure of imperial defence, the government was indisposed to accept a scheme which involved a sterling guarantee at a time when silver was falling and the finances were disorganized. The objections of the government of India, although plausible, were not convincing. For a mountain railway, the line would not be costly, and careful calculations show that any liability for payment of guarantee would be trifling. The value of the rupee has certainly fallen; but, on the other hand, money can be raised in the London market at half the rate which Russia is cheerfully paying, out of French pockets, for her proposed Persian and Siberian railways. Lastly, the general prosperity of the country is far more advanced by judicious lines of railway than endangered by the remote chance of having to pay an insignificant price for a great advantage.

A few words are required on those products of Kashmir to which the attention of investors might be profitably directed, for, in the cultivation of the staple crops, of which rice is the first in importance and maize the second, it would be undesirable to compete with native industry. Of sericulture, Mr. Lawrence, who has had personal superintendence of the State silk operations, writes:—

Everywhere I find the villagers eager to take up sericulture as a cottage industry, and from all parts of the valley men have this year implored me to give them seed. I am of opinion that the State should confine itself to the production of healthy seed, and should give up silk-rearing and silk-reeling. I further hold that it would be wise to lease out the right to use mulberry leaves to capitalists.

It is impossible to exaggerate the potentialities of silk in Kashmir, but I am certain that these potentialities will never be realized while the industry remains in the hands of the State.

Maharaja Ranbir Singh made constant efforts to revive the silk industry, which flourished in ancient times. He built rearing-houses all over the valley and imported from Europe reeling appliances and machinery; but, owing to official interference in the annexing of private houses for breeding, the harassment of the people, both in the collection of mulberry leaves and in punishment for real or imaginary injury to the trees, the industry became unpopular; disease was introduced in Japanese cocoons, which was not eradicated without much time and trouble, while the absence of skilled supervision was fatal to success. But English and Italian experts are agreed that there is a great future for the industry under European management; the fibre is excellent, the valley is covered with mulberry-trees, the Kashmiri house is easily ventilated and suitable to sericulture, and the people are anxious to take up the business if they are fairly treated.

The cultivation of hops is termed by Mr. Lawrence "a most safe and profitable enterprise;" far more safe than in the uncertain climate of England. But European capital and supervision are needed for success. The industry was introduced by Maharaja Ranbir Singh, and I well remember the interest which he evinced both in this and silk cultivation, but the people have not taken it up, for their past experience has been that new experiments signified new taxation. But the State garden at Dugam, where eighty-three acres were under hops in 1893, pays handsomely, although the land there is no better suited to the cultivation than the surrounding country. The demand in the hill breweries of India and elsewhere is large and increasing.

Vineyards and the manufacture of wine are matters on which it is not well to dogmatize. The elements which go to the composition of a wine pleasing to

cultivated palates are obscure and depend on niceties of manipulation and differences of soil and climate which almost defy analysis. But it may fairly be said that the experiments now being conducted by Signor Benvenuti in charge of the vineyards of the State, and Signor Bassi at the head of the wine manufactory, may be extended and continued with advantage.

Kashmir is the land of fruits, and when once the railway is made and the vast and unrivalled market of India is opened up, the production and export of fresh and canned fruit will be enormous. Hitherto fruit has been carried across the ranges in baskets on the backs of coolies, and even under these conditions it has formed one of the most profitable subjects of export. Mulberry, sherry, almond, peach, apricot, apple, quince, melon, grape, walnut, strawberry, pomegranate, and other fruits thrive in abundance, of special excellence. Many of the Kashmir valleys in the spring are as white as a foam-covered sea with the blossom of a thousand orchards and peach gardens. With other products which may have a prosperous future, flax, tea, cinchona, I have not space to deal, but almost all fruits and vegetables of temperate climates can be grown in Kashmir with success; and even costly experiments in the more valuable products will be amply justified.

An obvious objection to the settlement of European capitalists in Kashmir may be urged in the provisions against the sale and mortgage of land. But the difficulty is rather apparent than real. With regard to sericulture, sites for silk factories and rearing-houses are ready to hand in the shape of the old buildings of the State. The Durbar has the sole property in the mulberry-trees, and the basis of a lease for silk purposes would be the lease of the right to collect mulberry leaves for sericulture. As regards hops, there is ample land in the neighborhood of the existing gardens, unburdened with occupancy rights; while for wine and fruit the State could make over its

large, established vineyards and orchards. For further extension there is more than sufficient land now waste in the neighborhood of Srinagar. The earth-hunger of the Kashmiris is for the most part satisfying itself on the low-lying, rich, alluvial soil, which yields the staple crop—rice; and there are large tracts of land unsuited for rice and with every convenience of water-carriage waiting for the European capitalist. It should be added that, in Srinagar and its environs, the restrictions on sale and mortgage do not apply, and, further, the State has the power of acquiring occupied land for public purposes—an elastic term allowing the acquisition of land for any industrial scheme of importance likely to benefit the people and the State.

I trust that this slight sketch of Kashmir may arouse some interest in this beautiful valley. When the great Emperor Jehangir was dying he was asked if he wanted anything, and replied, "Only Kashmir." Then it was the chosen summer resort of the Mogul kings, who built palaces and planted gardens and filled it with the magnificence of an Oriental court. This glory has passed away, but the time may come when Kashmir will be the chosen playground of Europe; when well-appointed hotels will be built at Srinagar and Gulmurg, and the great resources of the country developed by the judicious enterprise of English capitalists. Nor are the past misery and the regeneration of Kashmir without a moral for Europe. It is but a few days ago that Lord Salisbury, speaking with admirable force and dignity of the critical condition of Turkey, said that we must not imagine that the deep-seated diseases of an empire can be cured by a wave of a magician's wand. I have shown that honest endeavor and wise government have worked a magical change in Kashmir. If there be salvation for Turkey, she can only find it by following the example which has been set by the maharaja of Kashmir.

From Temple Bar.

NATHANIEL DIXON, NATURALIST.

"I do not think, Mr. Dixon," said the Honorable and Reverend Copeland Thesiger, "that I ever see you in church."

He spoke tentatively; he was an enthusiastic young man—callow, sincere, but lately ordained—and, on the whole, a modest youth. Mr. Nathaniel Dixon being old enough to be his father's father, he felt some diffidence about exercising pastoral authority over him.

Mr. Dixon ordered himself lowly to all men; he cleared his throat and smoothed down his little leather apron. He was a cobbler by trade, and his shop was in a quarter which is still far from "sweetness and light," and was, at the time of the Honorable Copeland's ministry therein, yet farther.

Mr. Dixon was a little man; a little thin old Londoner, with a small wrinkled well-featured face, a toothless mouth, a colorless complexion, and mild watery blue eyes; a gentle refined-looking old man, with a quiet manner, and a stoop.

"Why, no, sir," he replied, with a deprecating little cough. "No, sir, I ain't attended a place of worship for twenty year, sir. Not meanin' any disrespect to you, sir."

"It is not showing disrespect for me, Mr. Dixon," said Mr. Thesiger.

"Why, no, sir," replied the little cobbler. "Suttinly not, sir—you bein' newly come. But it ain't no disrespect to the vicar. No! Suttinly not, sir."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Thesiger. "It is not to myself, nor yet to the vicar, that you owe attendance at church, Mr. Dixon."

"N-no, sir," responded Mr. Dixon dubiously—too polite to contradict, too polite to ask a question, but definitely puzzled by the new curate.

Mr. Thesiger hesitated, then he said:—

"Don't you think, Mr. Dixon, that twenty years' absence from church is a reason, rather than otherwise, why you should come—say—next Sunday?"

The little old man coughed.

"Why, sir," he said, "y' see, Sunday's the only day I got, and I'm a reglar sort of man, sir—I likes to keep to my reglar 'abits, y' see."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Thesiger. "Now, if it's not a liberty, Mr. Dixon, what are those habits on a Sunday morning?"

The cobbler coughed again.

"It began afore I married the missus, sir," he said. "You see, I'm a bit of a naturalist, I am; though I was born 'ere, and I've lived 'ere, boy and man, ever since."

A naturalist! Copeland Thesiger looked at the black street, the little close shop, the nondescript beast painted on the sign of the opposite public-house, and marvelled.

"W'en I was 'ardly more 'n a kid, sir," said the old cobbler, "I'd a friend in the bird-catching line, as used to tramp out on business o' Sundays, and 'e'd take me with 'im; and though I'm gittin' old, and it's a goodish step, I've kep it up ever since. The missus, she never minded; she used to say 'twas better than the beer, sir, and run away with less money."

"You are a bird catcher?"

"No, sir, not that. It's silly like, but I fair 'aven't the 'eart to take them wild things out of the country where they belongs. No, I just tramps out, and finds their nests, and takes an egg maybe; and then 'ome agin. One time, Chris ('e's my daughter's boy, sir) 'ud tramp with me; but now 'e's gittin' up to be a smart young chap, sir; 'e says it ain't lively enough, so I goes alone."

Mr. Thesiger had a vein of poetry in his composition, and it was fired by the vision of this little smoke-dried Londoner, with his scanty education and gloomy surroundings, tramping forth from his dark little shop with clock-like regularity every "Lord's Day," called by the woods, as the voice of the south echoes northward to the swallow when the leaves begin to fall. He forgot to be clerical—he, too, loved the woods; and the freemasonry of the lovers of what we are pleased to call "inanimate nature" linked him to Mr. Nat Dixon at once. He began to ask questions:

Where were these woods? How far? What was the flora—what the fauna, of these regions? The old man responded with kindling eyes; he led the curate into a little dingy back parlor, and there displayed his treasures. He was a cockney White of Selborne; he loved the lore of the country, and nothing escaped him. Copeland Thesiger, country born and bred, was ignorant beside old Nat Dixon. At length the old man showed the curate his pride and joy—his collection of birds' eggs. He had made the case; he had gathered all those berries and leaves that framed it; each egg he had found himself, and had blown it. He knew where each had been discovered: this, by a little stream; this, in the hollow of a lichen-covered tree; this, in the cool pink-blossomed greenery of a clover field; this egg had "stumped him a bit" to know what it might be; at last he thought he knew, and lo! on returning home, met by a pelting shower, he had found himself right, for he consulted the book there before ever he changed his wet clothes.

Curate and cobbler fraternized, and airs from heaven and the breezes from blossoming bean-field and gorse-perfumed down appeared to ripple through the back parlor.

"You've a first-class collection, Mr. Dixon," said the curate frankly.

Respect for the cloth did not hinder Mr. Dixon's triumphant chuckle.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," he said. "You're pleased to say so, sir, and 'tis a good collection. Dr. Fox, sir, in the lane, 'e'd give me two pund for it; but there, it 'ud be partin' with my 'eart's blood—my 'eart's blood, it would."

"I know," said the curate, gloating over a speckled globe. "I know—Look here, Mr. Dixon, if you'd go some Saturday afternoon, I'd go with you."

"O' Saturday, sir," said Mr. Dixon, changing color. "It's—it's a bit 'ard for me. I like to be 'ere then, not on'y because business is better Saturdays; but—in case—any—one—called."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Thesiger. "You see, Mr. Dixon, I can't very well go on Sunday."

"Suttinly not," replied Mr. Dixon. "It would be unproper, sir— Suttinly not. But I wish I cud show you that 'ere larch spinney, sir—it 'ud be a pleasure, to a gentleman like you. I'll —" he paused; then with a flood of geniality towards a man who had distinguished a golden-crested wren's egg from that of the ordinary variety: "I'll make a heffort to attend divine worship o' Wednesday, sir."

"That's right, Mr. Dixon," said Copeland Thesiger, making a really valuable mental note. "Good-afternoon, and thank you."

As he turned to go a sharp, shrill whistling smote the air; the tramp of feet sounded in the little shop. It was a Saturday afternoon, and somebody had called. Mr. Thesiger passed the somebody; a young man—a boy, more properly speaking—a lad of eighteen, straight, tall, handsome, dashing, overdressed, and swaggering. Despite the swagger there was an air of manliness and resolution about the young fellow; and an air of something like good breeding in spite of the execrable taste in dress. The young man eyed the curate with an air of suspicion and dislike; he did not remove his hat, nor return his greeting; he entered the parlor, and Copeland Thesiger passed out.

Mr. Thesiger went to sup that night with Dr. Fox. Dr. Fox was a bluff, hard-headed Yorkshireman, with a poor opinion of the clergy in general. To him there was but one calling worthy of attention, and that was his own. Many men, otherwise of fair intelligence, have a similar mental construction. Mr. Thesiger broached the subject of Mr. Dixon, cobbler and naturalist.

"Eh?" said the doctor. "Yes. A fool of a man that, Thesiger; but a born son of the woods. His heart's in that collection. I offered him two pounds for it. Do you think he'd take it? Not he, and wouldn't if I'd made it twenty pounds."

"I sympathize there. He seems to be a decent old fellow."

"So he is—a widower. I remember

his daughter, a pretty girl, who went on the stage, married a gentleman,—save the mark!—who was also a penniless scamp; he died at last, and she came home in a consumption, and left her boy for the old man to bring up,—and a precious way he's done it!"

"Ah! I think I saw him."

"Very likely. A young blackguard!"

"Bad?"

"Yes. An impudent, selfish young scamp. The old man's made a fool of him, let him think himself a gentleman, instead of remembering Solomon's very sensible advice on the rearing of children, and thrashing the nonsense out of him."

The curate laughed.

"He hasn't very good manners. A strong, sensible face, too."

"Oh! I dare say something might have been made of him. Too late, now! He was apprenticed to a saddler down the lane, and is just out of his time. Old Tompkins the saddler would send him to the rightabout if it wasn't for Dixon. The lad's always hanging about the Humming Top music-hall, and he's got into a bad set. I hear he's inclined to drink; I don't know if it's true; he's a card-player, I know. A case for you, parson."

"A difficult one, I'm afraid," said Copeland Thesiger, rising. "Good-night."

He departed, and forgot the old naturalist and his grandson in a press of work.

Bad news flies apace; therefore when Chris Vayne was involved in a brawl commenced in the bar of the Humming Top—knocked down a policeman and was removed in custody as being drunk and disorderly—a sympathizing friend acquainted his grandfather with the fact within fifteen minutes.

Chris was penniless and in debt, and old Dixon knew it; therefore when the friendly neighbor soothed the old man's distress by the assurance that the punishment of the offender would be a fine, and not the (in old Nat's eyes) indelible disgrace of a prison, the words fell like a knell on the poor old fellow's heart. Chris had no money; he had

lost all his capital at cards the night before, and applying to his grandfather for funds that very afternoon, had departed in wrath at the old man's humble, wistful refusal.

What, he asked falteringly, did the neighbor think would be the probable amount of the fine?

The neighbor didn't know; it might be 10s., £1, £1 10s.—he couldn't tell; Chris would pay it; he must be earning "good money."

But Chris could not pay it, as his grandfather knew.

The old man put up the shutters of the little shop, and sat down alone, and thought of ways and means. The money must be there to-morrow, and he had not got it. Nothing in the little house would sell for more than a few shillings. Two pounds—quite as much as that must be forthcoming; and—two pounds! The old man stood up; the thought of the exact sum required had brought a memory with it; but then—but then—it was "his heart's blood."

He took it down from the wall and dusted it lovingly, with his wrinkled, shaking old hands. When he had started that collection he had been a boy of fifteen; he was seventy now. There was the first egg he had taken—a hedge sparrow's—the whole thing spoke to him of the real joy and poetry and beauty of his life; but then there was Chris, "his boy"—and he loved his boy despite his faults; despite his rough, unloving ways, his always saucy, and often rude tongue, his carelessness of duty, his temper, and his selfishness—he loved him!

One does not need to be learned and rich to love, and love is a mighty power. At last he went out slowly into the front shop and found a piece of green baize; then, the slow tears of old age gathering in his mild blue eyes, he wrapped up that cherished collection, and went out down the street to the doctor's. It was a quarter of an hour later that he returned; he came in slowly; he looked at something in his hand, and kept his dim eyes from one spot upon the wall of the back parlor.

Chris Vayne was brought up before the magistrate the next morning. There had been a good many cases of violence springing from a certain gang of the frequenters of the Humming Top. The magistrate asked a few questions; then he gave sentence—seven days, without the option of a fine. Chris was white as a sheet and very quiet; he squared his shoulders and set his teeth. In the silence that followed the brief, curt tones, an old man's voice was heard; a faltering, bewildered old voice, asserting that he had the money; he could pay. The magistrate commanded silence; then as his eyes fell upon the little stooping figure of Nat Dixon, he began to comprehend, and explained not unkindly to the old man that it was not a question of money, and that the delinquent would have to go to prison. Old Dixon listened meekly; his eyes wandered from the majesty of the bench to the white young face, with its sullen eyes and teeth hard set; then he answered mildly, "Suttinly, sir," and shuffled out.

He had to cross a bridge over a sluggish canal on his way home, and as he crossed he dropped two shining golden sovereigns into the water. They had failed of their purpose—his boy was in prison—and he could not spend that money on any lesser object than Chris. He sat quietly at work through that week; and on the day that he knew Chris would come out he provided a sumptuous repast. It was all ready when the door swung on its hinges and Chris came in; he came in quietly, and stood still.

"Do you want me here?" he said shortly.

"Dinner's ready," was the response. Chris said nothing; he sat down. He was portentously quiet. The old cobbler dished up. Chris crossed to the table; helped himself silently, and pushed the dish across; the old man received it; then he poured out the beer—for Chris—not for himself; he was a teetotaler, from taste, not principle. Chris took it, half raised it to his lips, and set it down; he pushed the plate away.

"I can't," he said huskily. "I can't take it, old man—I—I—"

He rose, flinging over his chair with a crash, and stood by the fire; at length he said, without turning:—

"They wouldn't let you pay?"

"No."

"A jolly good thing too!" said Chris, still with his back turned. "Why should you pay for me? I got what I deserved, and you know it."

Old Dixon did not answer.

"How did you raise the cash?"

Still no answer.

"How did you raise it?" said Chris impatiently.

"It wasn't of no consequence," responded Mr. Dixon. "And you're kindly welcome. Suttinly, you are."

Chris glanced at him furtively, and surprised a wistful little gaze at the wall. He drew a long breath.

"Did you sell—that thing?"

"Well—suttinly, I did."

There was a silence in the room while one might count ten.

"I'll get it back for you," said Chris slowly. "I'll—I'll—"

He had spoken steadily till then, but he was young, and the sense of shame was horribly upon him; he had been in prison, and nothing could undo that. He was proud in his wrong-headed fashion, and sensitive, too, and at that point he broke down. He dropped on his knees on the floor, laid his head down on the cushion of the old high-backed chair, and sobbed.

The old man was startled, and almost frightened. Chris's grief was as stormy as his wrath. He bent down and touched his grandson's bowed head tentatively.

"There ain't no need for it," he said. "Suttinly not. Don't you take on that way, Chris. 'Tain't nothin', and you're welcome, as I said."

"Grandfather," gasped Chris, "I'm sorry. There's no use talking, but I'm real sorry. I'll show you I'm sorry, so help me God, I will!"

Never in his life had the old man heard that tone in Chris Vayne's voice; a tone humble, quiet, and strong, despite the tremble in it. He sat down

beside him and stroked Chris's hair with his wrinkled old hand.

The curate and the doctor were smoking the pipe of peace in the curate's lodgings. The doctor knocked the ash from his pipe and rose to depart. The curate accompanied the man of medicine to the door; and on the steps stood a tall young man, who cleared his throat rather nervously and spoke:—

"Mr. Thesiger, could I speak to you?"

"Certainly."

"Hullo!" said the doctor, "you're Chris Vayne."

"Yes, sir."

"H'm," said the doctor. "So your grandfather sells his collection to me to pull you out of the mud. He didn't say so, but I made a pretty shrewd guess. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Yes, sir," said Chris, "I am."

"So you ought to be," said the doctor. "Now you've come back to sponge on the old man, eh?"

"No, sir, I'm going away where I'm not known. I shall 'list in a regiment going on active service."

England was writhing with the distant heathen at the time; one of those little wars of which so little notice is taken in history, and which cost so many lives and so many broken hearts.

"Get yourself shot, eh?" said the doctor. "Perhaps the best thing you could do."

But the curate had seen Vayne's face.

"Hold your tongue, Fox!" he said uncivilly. "Don't bully the boy. Come in, Vayne."

Vayne came in.

"I'm afraid I was rude the other day, sir," he said nervously. "I've had a lesson since. I'm going away, and I've promised the old man not to play the fool; and—and—I've never broken my word yet, sir."

The curate looked at him.

"No," he said, "I'm sure you haven't."

"The old man's a bit upset at me going," said Vayne. "And he's sold that case," the voice shook and roughened a little. "I just came—Would you mind giving him a call to-

morrow, sir? I'll be gone then, and—I suppose it's awful cheek, but—"

"Not at all," said the Honorable and Reverend Copeland, who had learned a great deal in a short time, being an adaptable young man. "Your grandfather and myself are great friends; or, rather, I'm a disciple of his. Sit down, Vayne. Have a smoke?"

Chris Vayne stared at him, then he thanked him in a very low voice, and sat down. Thus did the "parson" treat his "case" with tobacco and friendly discourse upon humble topics. Chris and he shook hands at parting, and never met again. But the doctor met Nat Dixon's grandson—that is to say, he met Lieutenant Vayne, V.C., some years later. The doctor and the V.C. met in this wise: the doctor was summoned from his surgery into the presence of a tall, well-built, soldierly young man, who blushed at the sight of him.

"I think you don't remember me, Dr. Fox?" said the visitor. "Chris Vayne."

"I remember you perfectly," said the doctor. "Will you accept my congratulations, Mr. Vayne, coupled with my apologies?"

"Thanks. I've come to ask you a favor."

"It is granted."

"Will you sell me that case?"

The doctor smiled.

"No, Mr. Vayne," he said, with some pomposity, "I will not; but I shall esteem it an honor if one whom I respect so highly for his services to his country will accept it."

"Thank you," said Chris, coloring. "No—I particularly wish to buy that case. Will you sell it?"

The doctor extended his hand. "Yes," he said, "I will."

"For two pounds?" said Chris.

"For two pounds, precisely," replied the doctor.

I. HOOPER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LIFE OF "PUNCH."

It is now well-nigh fifty years since Aytoun, in one of the happiest articles

he ever contributed to "Maga," affected, half in jest, half in earnest, to deprecate the attentions of the modern biographer, and to congratulate the ancients upon their freedom from the terror which that formidable gentleman inspires. They—lucky dogs—might go to the pyre without the hideous suspicion that some industrious gossip of their acquaintance "would incontinently sit down to the task of laborious compilation and collection of their literary scraps." But in these times, "the waiter with the bandy-legs, who hands round the negus at a blue-stocking coterie, is in all probability a leading contributor to a fifth-rate periodical; and, in a few days after you have been rash enough to accept the insidious beverage, M'Tavish will be correcting the proof of an article in which your appearance and conversation are described." It will scarcely be contended that since Aytoun's time the meshes of the biographer's net have grown larger; and the well-founded complaint that that net is cast wider than ever is familiar enough to our ears. When, therefore, every man keeps his own Boswell to look after his posthumous reputation, and his own Paul Pry to record in his lifetime his most intimate affairs (for this, we fear, and no other, *must* be the true solution of a problem which baffled Mr. Crummles), it would be churlishness itself to grudge Mr. Punch a biography. For Mr. Punch is emphatically a public character—nay, a national institution. He is a politician of no little prescience, and of profound wisdom after the event. Yet he finds time to mingle in what Mr. Pecksniff called the sparkling throng; and he combines with unprecedented success the polished man of the world (we may even say the courtier) with the man of letters and of taste. *Homo sum*, etc., he might well remark with characteristic modesty, if he shared his biographer's amiable weakness for somewhat musty quotations; nor would a couple of equally well-known lines from Juvenal come less appropriately from his lips. If it be objected that he is, by the side of

"Maga," a mere boy, that he never was, to all appearance, in higher vigor, and that decease or at least senility is an indispensable condition of biography, the obvious answer is that the lifetime of the youngest inhabitant at present in existence would not witness the appearance of *his* life—so distant seem decrepitude and decay from that manly, if eccentric, frame. No; Mr. Punch deserves a biography, and deserves a good one.

It is not, however, without a certain pang or misgiving that we perceive the last shred of privacy removed from what, in the main, has been an honorable and blameless existence. Every day that anonymity, which has long been so valuable a characteristic of English journalism, becomes less and less of a reality. The public knows all about its prime favorites, Hoolan and Doolan and their princely salaries; Archer escapes no one's notice twanging his long-bow; and the portrait of Captain Shandon, of Marshalsea Mansions, S.W., and the *Daily Bludgeon*, recurs as regularly in the illustrated papers as that of the Prince of Wales himself. The curiosity of the reader grows by what it feeds on. "Ance show a cat the road to the kirk and ye may whistle for the cream." Doubtless one's regret at such a state of matters is, in some degree, selfish. No scrap of literary information has now the charm of being exclusive; the exquisite delight of sharing with an appreciative crony some delicious morsel of gossip can rarely be tasted; the authorship of the latest skit, or parody, or pun is a mere *sécret de polichinelle*; and no one need plume himself on being "in the know," if we may borrow a highly expressive and convenient phrase from the turf, because he has heard of Mr. Du Maurier's Saint Bernard, or Mr. Sambourne's photographs, or Charles Keene's pipes. Joking apart, however, we are not at all sure that the abandonment of the old-fashioned reticence and the sacrifice of the old-fashioned privacy (due in great measure though that sacrifice be to a natural and praiseworthy desire to give

honor where honor is due) are in the long-run good for the writers themselves, for the public, or for the press as a whole. We must, nevertheless, take matters as we find them; and if we are to have a complete revelation of the mysteries of the "banqueting hall" in Bouverie Street, and the "mahogany-tree" which is *not* mahogany, better far that the disclosure should be accurate, trustworthy, and authentic. Now, to Mr. Spielmann's history of *Punch*¹ these epithets may most justly and cheerfully be applied.

Not, to be sure, that the book is all perfection. We like not, in the first place, Mr. Spielmann's style, which is invariably bald, sometimes obscure, and freely sprinkled with mixed metaphors. He says, for example, that Mr. Lucy, before he joined the *Punch* staff, had already "*graduated* as the Pepys of Parliament," and avers that Douglas Jerrold "*focused* all his brilliancy on the opportunity *Punch* afforded of tilting at the windmills on the plain." At the celebrated weekly dinner, it should seem that "the mist of talk slowly develops a bright nebulous point, round which the discussion revolves and revolves, until at last it takes form, slowly and carefully, though changed a dozen times, and finally, after being threshed and threshed again, stands in the ultimate form in which next week it meets the public eye." The repeated threshing of the nebulous point which has been changed a dozen times is, perhaps, Mr. Spielmann's supreme achievement; but he is hardly more fortunate in his ungainly description of the volumes of *Punch* as "*shining* in their shelves like the teeth in the great laughing mouth of humor itself." Beneath such phrases, it is true, some meaning may be detected, and one can see what he is driving at when he calls some of the more severe cartoons "artistic instruments of political torture." But we are wholly at a loss to conjecture what is signified by "linked

æstheticism long drawn out," or by the expression that "dinner was not always a vested interest" to some one or other. In truth, Mr. Spielmann's vocabulary being naturally poor, he has tried to eke it out with more zeal than discretion, though the *per contra*, as Mr. Owen would term it, shows that he never calls *Mr. Punch* the "genial little hunch-back," or, with the *Fonetik Nuz* the "kaustik pupet."

Proud as he is to "range himself among *Mr. Punch's* occasional contributors," a keen sense of humor is plainly not Mr. Spielmann's strong point; or he would surely not have observed with unconscious satire of the younger Kean that he "was recognized at last as our leading tragedian, *though to the end he was never accepted as a great actor*;" He is apt, moreover, to take his hero too seriously. *Mr. Punch* is to him always "the teacher" rather than the jester. He speaks with bated breath of *Punch's* "solemn and lofty purpose," and of the "odor of culture" which he "diffused so to speak," even in the days of his first democratic fervor. He never shakes off the awful sense that *Mr. Punch* is now a gentleman, and long ago passed from the public-house of his birth to the libraries and drawing-rooms of what are called the "best houses." In a word, his critical faculty is throughout hampered by an overwhelming sense of responsibility, and by the very laudable desire to say a good word for everybody all round.

We have noted here and there a few errors and omissions. Mr. Spielmann says, for instance, that when Thackeray first wrote for *Punch* in 1842 he entered the *Punch* circle "with the credentials of 'Fraser' and the 'Irish Sketch-Book.'" It so happens that the "Irish Sketch-Book" did not appear till 1843. He describes Sir John Tenniel's first cartoon as representing Lord John Russell in the character of David attacking the Roman Goliath, Dr. Wiseman. The title of the picture, "Lord Jack the Giant-killer," might have put him on his guard against this slip. He seems to imply that Mr. Du

¹ The History of *Punch*. By M. H. Spielmann. London: Cassell & Co., 1895.

Maurier's "Vers Nonsensiques" appeared in 1868. As a matter of fact, those admirable compositions saw the light in 1877. He assigns Charles Keene's last *Punch* sketch to the Paris Exposition number in 1889; whereas Keene continued to contribute more or less regularly for a year after that, and his last sketch appeared in August, 1890. Once more, if Mr. Spielmann goes a little further into the matter, we believe he will find that the name of the "F. W.," whose initials appear in a sketch of Keene's in January, 1874, vol. lxvi., p. 21, was not Woods, but something quite different; and that it is in fact the property of a lady, the accomplished daughter of an accomplished father, "Maga's" old contributor, the late Mr. George Moir. But perhaps the most curious error into which Mr. Spielmann has fallen is contained in the following paragraph:—

On one occasion in 1877 it was confidently expected that Lord Beaconsfield's government would be thrown out on the Monday night or Tuesday morning, when, of course, it would be too late to begin to think of drawing and engraving a cartoon; besides, the matter was a foregone conclusion. So Beaconsfield was represented in his robes, leaning back "in a heap" upon his bench, his chin on his breast and his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, the very picture of a beaten minister. But, as it happened, the government was *not* defeated—and there was the cartoon! Providentially, however, the government had been severely badgered about some matter of trivial importance, such as the amount of sealing-wax employed in her Majesty's Stationery Office, and the cartoon was used with a legend to the effect: "After all the big things I have been in, to be pulled up for *this*!" The public wondered, and thought that *Punch* had taken the situation too seriously; but it was a *pis aller*, and the best had been made of a shocking bad job.

The whole story is preposterous from beginning to end. At no time in the course of its history, it may safely be said, was the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's government a "foregone conclusion," or even "confidently expected." On the 14th of May of the year in ques-

tion, it had actually defeated the first of Mr. Gladstone's five resolutions by a majority of no less than 131. On Monday the 16th of July, however, on the vote for the Stationery Office, the government was attacked by Mr. Holms, then member for Hackney, for disregarding the report of a select committee over which he had presided, and for promoting Mr. Pigott, then a junior clerk in the War Office, to the controllership of the Stationery Office; and on a division the government was beaten by 156 votes to 152. Three days later, on the 9th of July, Lord Beaconsfield defended the appointment in the House of Lords in a singularly brilliant and adroit speech, as *Mr. Punch* himself ungraciously acknowledges. The cartoon alluded to, dealing with the defeat of the government on the question of Mr. Pigott's appointment, appeared in the number for 28th July (published 25th); so that, instead of being a *pis aller*, it must have been deliberately suggested and approved of at the *Punch* dinner two days after the event it commemorated! Mr. Spielmann will find the dates and facts as above set forth in the *Essence of Parliament*.

Again, to his list of the jokes or ideas which *Punch* has illustrated more than once, Mr. Spielmann might have added Keene's picture of the fat man whistling for the dog between his legs, the same artist's illustration of "I'm no' feelin' vera weel mysel'," the jape about "Whuskey makkin' the skin unco tender" (Mr. Ralston, vol. lix., p. 273; Keene, vol. lxxii., p. 132), Sir John Tenniel's celebrated "Janus" (Lord John Russell, vol. xxxviii., p. 183; Mr. Gladstone, vol. xciii., p. 247), and the same artist's parachute (Disraeli, vol. xxiii., p. 159; Mr. Ritchie, vol. xcv., p. 66). In enumerating unintentional plagiarisms from other periodicals, he might have mentioned Mr. Gilbert's "Sing to the garish eye," which appeared, with an elaborate initial letter from Mr. Sambourne's pencil, in vol. lxiv., p. 176. In treating of Shirley Brooks, he should not have omitted to refer to "The Naggletons," or to the "Rise and Fall of the Jack Spratts," in

dealing with Mr. Du Maurier. In his chapters on "*Punch* on the War-path," he should have included some account of an amusing skirmish with the *World*. In 1877, *Punch* ventured to burlesque the "Celebrities at Home" in a series of "Célébrités chez Eux," afterwards changed to "chez Elles." Mr. Yates retaliated in a burlesque of the burlesque, in which "Tumtaler" was so savagely chaffed about his French, that *Punch's* series came to an abrupt conclusion. Finally, Mr. Spielmann should not fail to note the brush with the *Saturday Review*, apropos of *Punch's* sweeping description of Rabelais as a "dirty old blackguard" (vol. lxxxv., p. 179),—a piece of criticism in no way unworthy even of the Baron de Book-Worms.

These, after all, are not much more than trifles, insignificant in number and importance when compared with the enormous mass of facts which it has fallen to Mr. Spielmann's lot to collect and arrange for this volume. It is difficult to over-estimate the labor he must have expended, or to over-praise the indefatigable industry which has brought the work to a successful conclusion. It is a monument of perseverance and zeal, if of nothing else, and can never be superseded as a leading authority on this branch of the history of the press.

The life of *Punch* falls naturally into four periods, corresponding to the respective reigns of its different editors: Mark Lemon (1841-70), Shirley Brooks (1870-74), Tom Taylor (1874-80), and Mr. Burnand (1880 to the present day). Of these divisions the earliest is by far the most important. It was then that the paper came substantially to be what we know it now, that its character became settled and its tone fixed. The various stages of that most interesting evolution whereby *Mr. Punch*, from a shrill and devil-may-care puppet, developed into a staid and respectable gentleman with a handsome balance at his banker's, a fashionable tailor, and an assured position, need not here be traced. Has the transition not been described once for all in Thackeray's

charming *Quarterly* article? Yet if the primary agent in this startling transformation was unquestionably John Leech, let it not be forgotten that his efforts would have come to nought but for the valuable, though possibly tacit, co-operation of Mark Lemon. "A mealy-mouthed hypocrite" Lemon may have been. But this, at all events, is certain, that, like Douglas Cook, he was a born editor. Nor can his have been a small share of tact and address who could successfully counteract the baleful influence of Douglas Jerrold. For Jerrold, to be plain, was *Punch's* evil genius,—indispensable, we admit, but an indispensable evil. Brilliant as were his contributions, striking as was the contemporary success they achieved, they are one and all tinctured with a rancorous and septic malignity which has practically destroyed their chance of a long life. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," once *Mr. Punch's* chief glory, seem to a later generation to be little less than *Mr. Punch's* chief disgrace. That they are clever—terribly clever—is beyond dispute; and it is precisely their cleverness which brings into prominence their brutal and merciless vulgarity. They disclose to the shocked, yet fascinated reader, a world where all is base, sordid, hideous—unspeakably degrading; where everything that is pleasant, or gracious, or of good report, is blasted in the bud. Our fathers laughed loudly at the odious shrew; on our lips the peal dies away, and with a secret satisfaction we commiserate the taste of the "early-Victorians," little concerned to speculate what will be said fifty years hence of some of our own late-Victorian idols. Meantime, Mr. Spielmann says no more than the truth when he remarks that it is doubtful whether Jerrold would make the same mark in *Punch* if he were alive to-day; "he would have to seek another publication and another public, or else adopt an utter change of tone."

The contributions of Thackeray to *Punch* are incomparably superior in literary quality to anything within the capacity of Jerrold, whom he detested

with all his heart, and from whose extreme political views he instinctively recoiled. Yet, though Thackeray was a warm supporter of the respectable, as opposed to the irresponsible and Bohemian, *Punch*, it cannot be said that he did much to purge the pages of the paper from the taint of acerbity and malice. In the "Prize Novels," it is true, there is not much more than legitimate ridicule and fair, though pungent, criticism; nor in the immortal lucubrations of Jeames Plush is there any tincture of spite or venom sufficient to distract the mind from revelling in the bad spelling, an artifice in the employment of which Thackeray excels both Smollett and his own successors. Surely such masterpieces as "candig apinium," or as "dellixy" for delicacy, or, best of all, as "ormnack" for almanack, betray genius. But what of Thackeray's greatest *Punch* work, the "Book of Snobs"? There assuredly is a performance which must be (and never is) reckoned with by those who will have it that "kindliness" was the chief ingredient in Thackeray's composition. To our mind, it is one of the most exquisitely painful books in the language; an unrivalled effect of concentrated bitterness, yet wholly lacking in that air of lonely greatness with which Swift's *sæva indignatio* invests even the most virulent of his diatribes against the human race. Mr. Spielmann repeats, and indorses, the shallow view that Thackeray himself was somewhat of a snob. But, even if that parrot-cry proclaimed any truth, it would be wholly inadequate to account for the Snob papers; for this spectacle of a Timon railing, in ecstasies of chagrin and disappointment, against, not the vices, but the foibles of mankind. (We recommend, by the by, to Mr. Spielmann's notice those of the papers which were not republished. He may find in them some warrant for modifying the opinion that *Punch's* loyalty has always been "above suspicion and above proof.") But how truly marvellous are the talismanic properties of success, which would transmute the vitriol of the "Book of

Snobs" into the grateful anodyne of the "Roundabout Papers!"

As the opening of Mark Lemon's reign had been distinguished by the atrabilious outpourings of Jerrold, so its close was cheered and lightened by the warm and mellow rays of "Happy Thoughts." Mr. Burnand had made a most successful beginning, in 1864, with "Mokeanna," which the editor of *Fun* had rejected, but "Happy Thoughts" revealed a fresh and rarer gift, which it took many years to exhaust. Mr. Burnand, however, did not neglect his talent of parody, as a long string of works amply testifies. "One-and-Three, by Fictor Nogo;" "Gone Wrong, by Miss Rhody Dendron;" "What's the Odds? by Major Jawley Sharp;" "Strapmore, a Romance, by Weeder;" "The Beadle, by Anthony Dollop,"—it is a goodly collection of most minute, accurate, and ludicrous imitations, out of which it is difficult to pick the best. Latterly, it may be, the trick of good spirits has become mechanical, the jokes have become stereotyped, the fun has lost spontaneity; for we more than suspect that the fine edge of Mr. Burnand's wit has been something blunted by going too often to the grindstone for the purpose of striking out those wretched puns, which every week make the judicious grieve, and that the superhuman efforts required to galvanize that unmitigated old bore, Mrs. R., have made too heavy a call upon his mental vigor.

The dominion of Shirley Brooks lasted barely four years, but short as it was, it stamped him as the best of *Mr. Punch's* editors. It was not so much that any important contributions of exceptional merit appeared under his auspices, or that he unearthed any new and unexpected talent. It was rather that he enveloped the paper, as it were, in an indescribably benignant and cheerful atmosphere, and that the general letterpress was unusually excellent. Under his sway, be sure, there were no "Scraps from Chaps," no Mrs. R.'s, no "Baron de Book-Worms." Somehow or other, he managed to impart to the reading matter a share of

the mingled shrewdness, good nature, and personal charm which for nearly twenty years informed his *Essence of Parliament*. For, good though "The Naggletons" and others of his writings are, it is that preparation for which he principally deserves to be remembered. The brilliant narrative of the doings of Parliament is instinct with candor, sympathy, and moderation; it is touched off with the lightest hand, and is the best reading imaginable. The moderate Whig cause had never so engaging an advocate as Shirley Brooks, and a diligent study of his *Essence* will take a man no inconsiderable distance along the path of understanding the political history of the time. Above all, be it recorded to his credit that he alone of the *Punch* writers seems to have had something like a due appreciation of the greatness of Lord Beaconsfield.

If Shirley Brooks was the greatest of *Punch's* editors, it is equally certain that Tom Taylor was by much the worst. From the moment of his entering upon office, a gloom sank upon the letter-press of the paper which not even "One-and-Three" or "Strapmore" could dispel. All *Punch's* little crotchets were intensified; he waxed hotter than ever against Romanists and Puseyites; Mr. Gladstone became his pope, who could do no wrong; and he delivered himself over, hand and foot, to the straitest sect of the Little Englanders. Mr. Spielmann fondly believes that his hero "has ever opposed the advocacy of 'Little Peddlington' in Imperial Politics;" but a reference to Tom Taylor's weekly political sermons during the Russo-Turkish war will banish the delusion. As for the *Essence of Parliament*, the less said about it the better. The one prominent contributor who joined the board in Tom Taylor's time, Mr. E. J. Milliken, has never quite succeeded in throwing off his first chief's influence, and his political pieces always smack of the solemn Radicalism of the later seventies. One great feat he has achieved—the invention of 'Arry; but most of his verse, though technically correct and satisfying the test of the

foot-rule, is hopelessly destitute of movement, beauty, and charm, and cannot compare for a moment with Mr. Traill's or Mr. Graves's. In his more ambitious attempts, such as "Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage," "The Modern Ars Amandi," and "Untiled, or the Modern Asmodeus," these defects are especially obvious, while the humor is of the sourest and the satire merely painstaking. It must not, however, be forgotten that the most felicitous single article (not one, that is to say, of a series) which has ever adorned the paper appeared *consule* Tom Taylor—we mean "*Punch's* Account of the Boat-Race, warranted" (vol. lxxvi., p. 146); though "How to get out of it" (vol. xcv., p. 53)—an inimitable parody of a certain kind of dramatic criticism—runs it extremely close for first place; nor that, so long as Tom Taylor was alive, there was no place in *Punch* for Mr. Clement Scott's appalling ballads about station-masters, city clerks, and life-boats.

The editorship of Mr. Burnand has made one or two changes in the views and tone of *Mr. Punch*. He no longer makes the pope a regular subject of attack; and in political matters generally he strives rather more palpably than he used to follow public opinion rather than to lead it. The Taylorian gloom has been dissipated, and its place has been taken by an unquenchable, and sometimes fatiguing, flippancy. This quality is particularly apt to run to excess in *Mr. Punch's* dramatic, literary, and artistic judgments, where the voice of *Punch*, the cultured and urbane, seems often scarce sufficient to disguise the bray of his own 'Arry. Of the steady supply of feeble, meaningless, and exasperating puns we have already spoken. In regard to his staff of contributors, Mr. Burnand has from the outset pursued a different system from his predecessors, and has not hesitated to solicit assistance whence-soever he was likely to get it. We think that, upon the whole, this policy has been attended with success, though possibly at some cost to the solidarity (to use a clumsy word) of the paper. It has procured us, among other things,

the Messrs. Grossmith's "Diary of a Nobody," and some excellent verse, including Mr. Lang's fine sonnet upon the death of Burnaby, which must have made the Russophil Tom Taylor turn in his grave. In his facetious contributions, Mr. Lang has done himself something less than justice, and the "Confessions of a Duffer," though the subject is promising, and is adorned with all Mr. Lang's familiar "clichés," do not over-stimulate.

Of the recruits enlisted by Mr. Burnand under *Punch's* banner, the three most prominent are Mr. Lucy, Mr. Lehmann, and Mr. Anstey. Mr. Lucy's work, in conjunction with Mr. Furniss's illustrations, has enjoyed immense popularity. To him belongs the distinction of having effectually revived the moribund *Essence of Parliament*, and of being the first to acquaint the public with those inner and domestic aspects of parliamentary life which probably by this time form an important subject of instruction in our board schools. But we may be permitted to express the opinion that Mr. Lucy's "Essence" is immeasurably inferior, both in matter and in manner, to Shirley Brooks's. The jerky convention of a diary has become monotonous and unpleasing with use; the humor of calling Lord Salisbury "the Markiss," or Mr. Goschen "Jokim," or Sir William Harcourt "the Squire of Malwood," or Mr. Balfour "Prince Arthur," has, if it ever existed, vanished long ago through incessant repetition; and if Mr. Lucy has always stopped short on the right side of the march between good taste and bad, he has taken care never to let the Tory dogs have the best of it. Mr. Lehmann is another of *Mr. Punch's* young men who has shown a strong Radical bias. For the last five or six years he has been a most industrious contributor, and his work has never fallen below a certain standard of merit, his most successful effort, perhaps, being the "Hints to Young Shooters." But the great bulk of it lacks the freshness and ease of "Harry Fludyer," and his various elaborate series, like "Modern

Types," have been noteworthy merely as specimens in prose of the kind of wooden, plodding, and conscientious satire which is Mr. Milliken's speciality in verse. Peculiarly ineffective have been the short parodies on popular novelists of the day; and the title of one of them, "The Fondman, by Called Abel, author of 'The Teamster,'" is an accurate index of the far-fetched and tedious humor which animates the whole series. Mr. Anstey's writings have been of a very different order; and, indeed, he may be pronounced the most valuable acquisition to *Mr. Punch's* board during the last thirty years—since, in fact, Mr. Burnand was the "new boy." It is hard to say in which branch of his art Mr. Anstey excels: in verse, as in the "Manual for Young Reciters;" in the detached "Voces Populi;" in the elaborate stories which he carries on through the medium of dialogue; or in amazingly subtle and faithful parody. He leaves the impress of an artist's hand on everything he touches, and by a masterstroke of convention he has contrived to reproduce with startling fidelity and vividness the vocabulary and modes of expression—we had almost said the modes of thought—of every class of the community. Each character is a type, not by reason of its vagueness, but in virtue of its pronounced and unmistakable individuality. It is rash to select, but we are inclined to think that Mr. Anstey has never surpassed "Juniper Jem," "Pill-Doctor Herdal" (who can forget how Mrs. Herdal dresses the table for supper with *dried fish and punch*?), "Lyre and Lancet," and a dialogue which appeared during the recent general election, in which the principal figure is the wife of a Radical candidate canvassing in a working-class neighborhood in London. There can be no doubt, we conceive, that Charles Keene's hope has been justified, and that in Mr. Anstey the table acquired a staunch (though not a stern) and unflinching Conservative.

But, after all, the great feature of *Punch* is the pictures—or rather, the pictures *plus* their legends. If the con-

trast between the modern and the ancient *Punch* in respect of letterpress is a striking one, what shall be said of the revolution in the illustrations? An almost impassable gulf seems to yawn between the *Punch* of the earlier volumes, with their rude woodcuts and their "blackies" (so pleasantly revived in a more dignified form by Dumb Crambo, junior), and the *Punch* of 1895. The engineer who bridged that gulf was John Leech, and he, take him all in all, was the best servant *Punch* ever had. The last word about Leech was spoken by Thackeray, many years ago, and there is nothing new for us to bring forward now. It is difficult, for one thing, to examine critically the man's life-work, which overflows with kindness and humor, and which has been from one's childhood the subject, not merely of admiration and delight, but even of warm affection. Yet two things may be hinted. In the first place, though Leech's technical excellence fell short of Keene's (as whose does not?), it was far greater than it is now generally assumed to be. In the second place, we demur altogether to the common contention that Leech, however happy in depicting the humors of the middle and lower classes, failed when he attempted to delineate good society. There never was a greater misconception. It is true that the society (using the word in its more limited sense) which Leech portrays seems a good deal less complicated and less self-conscious than that which has afforded such copious material for Mr. Du Maurier's pencil. The line between the gentleman and the cad, or "snob," was drawn hard and fast; there was no room for those infinite gradations, those subtle distinctions, with which the later artist has familiarized us. But the fact appears to be that Mr. Du Maurier has concerned himself with but a small section of English society, and that a section which is to be found almost exclusively in London. The vast mass of good society in England is *not* engaged in an endless struggle for pre-eminence, is assured of its own position, is *not* composed of Mr.

Bellamy Tabbys or Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkinses, does *not* hold as the sum and substance of its creed that "the only people worth *our* knowing are the people who *don't* want to know us!" And the inquiring foreigner who desires to obtain a correct conception of English society "at home" will, we maintain, find John Leech's pictures a far more trustworthy guide than Mr. Du Maurier's, admirable as those of the latter may be. It is worth noting, too, that it was Leech who, through his hunting sketches, imbued Mr. *Punch* with sane and sensible views about sport,—views which he has but rarely abandoned to join in the ignorant ravings of those who denounce what they are pleased to term "battues."

The four artists upon whom, in addition to Leech, the fabric of Mr. *Punch's* artistic reputation mainly rests, all curiously enough, "took the shilling" in Mark Lemon's time, and three of them, we rejoice to say, remain until this present. Of Sir John Tenniel—Sir John the inexhaustible, the ever fresh—what remains to be said? Think what it means that, a *Punch* man for five-and-forty years (to be strictly accurate, from vol. xix., p. 224), he has drawn every weekly cartoon for the last thirty years with scarcely a dozen exceptions! Not one of his designs but has the note of distinction, not one but reveals a fastidious taste and a strong bent towards and affinity with the classical and the correct. How many have not only been the hit of the week, but have retained an enduring place in the national memory! Mr. Spielmann has enumerated his great successes; among his "failures" we recall "The Battle of the Spurs" (vol. liv., p. 148), "Mosé in Egitto" (vol. lxix., p. 245), "The Bear tightening the Grip" (vol. lxxiii., p. 247), "The British Lion prepares for the Jubilee" (vol. xcii., p. 295), "Panic amongst the Pigs" (vol. xciv., p. 222), one of his most spirited and consummate achievements in pure representation of "The Lion and his Friends" (vol. xcvi., p. 67). One more cartoon, and one only we will recall, not specially distinguished by artistic

excellence, but fraught with the most melancholy associations. Who can look up "The Idle and the Industrious Apprentice" (vol. cl., p. 223) without pausing to reflect on the mutability of human affairs, or without feeling one pang of regret at the prematurely arrested career of Randolph Churchill?

For the great part of his career Charles Keene worked without receiving aught of the appreciation or reward due to his unrivalled artistic abilities. About a year before his death, the delighted applause of foreign judges suggested to British pressmen that a genius of no ordinary rank was with us. So startling was the revelation that, while it has become a truism—twenty years after it became a manifest truth—that Charles Keene was one of the greatest of black-and-white artists, the proclamation of the fact has generally been couched in the language of patronage rather than of deference, while wholly unnecessary apologies have been made for his inability to draw a "gentleman." No doubt certain subjects were more congenial to Keene's pencil than others, and, no doubt, to the end there remained a trace of the early-Victorian heaven, which led him to find a perpetual source of fun in a mother-in-law *per se*, as well as in the extraordinary conception of a man who has gone out for a day's shooting replenishing his bag on the way home at the poulterer's—the last survival, we take it, of the great cockney-sportsman myth (see vol. xcvi., p. 170). Even these somewhat fishlike witticisms were partially redeemed by the drawing, and a really daring fragment of robust realism—the dialogue between Mrs. Fleshpottle and Mrs. Gumblewag (vol. lxxxv., p. 131)—is, perhaps, only rendered tolerable by the vigor of the design. But, setting this limitation aside, the resources of language are insufficient to do justice to the resources of his art. What masterly handling of a complex subject is to be found in his "View of the Volunteers as they will never be seen by the Enemy" (vol. xxxix., p. 234), or his picture of the crowd at the boat-race

(vol. lxxii., p. 135)! How full of the very breath of life are the street Arabs who ask, "What's the good of vaccinatin' the police? They never catches nuffin" (vol. xci., p. 207), or the Irish ruffians waiting behind the wall for the landlord ("Sure, I hope the ould gentleman hasn't mit with an accident!" vol. lxxv., p. 27), or the drunken bridegroom (vol. lxxv., p. 180), or the old gentleman who proposes to fight with the new hatstand in his hall (Almanack, 1875), or the various men and animals who participate in the adventures of Miss Lavinia Brown-Jones (vol. li.)! What admirable landscapes he drew, as in the Suffolk sketch, vol. lxi., p. 86, and in "Behind the Distillery at Sligo" (vol. lxxix., p. 67)! What graceful fancy, what control of his medium, do the headings and the tailpieces of index and of preface disclose! What astonishing effects of light and shade he compasses in "The Comet as seen from our Area" (vol. xxxv., p. 190), in the gent. who "hears steps following him down-stairs" (vol. lxxviii., p. 88), and in the picture of the old lady invited to look through the astronomical telescope (Almanack, 1868)! In one respect, probably, the most captious will allow that Keene's loss is irreparable—in regard, namely, to his Scotch pictures. The costumes may be a trifle conventional or theatrical, but the faces are all right, and the dialect is right too, unless Tom Taylor had been tampering with it. His only possible rival in this department is Mr. Ralston, whose recent return to *Punch* we note with great satisfaction. None of his characters, at all events, will allege that they "kups [*sic*] a whuskey-shop" (vol. cv., p. 118). Mr. Ralston, too, may, like Keene (vol. xcvi., p. 39), produce a picture purporting to represent the game of golf which shall bear a reasonable resemblance to the original, and not merely reproduce the pastime as "she is played in England" and one even of Keene's caddies is carrying his clubs "reversed." But what wonder when Mr. *Punch's* favorite pun on Mr. Balfour's name ("Arthur Golfour") depends upon a

radical mistake as to the true pronunciation of the word, and is pointless unless that statesman's name is to be called "Boffer!"

For many years Mr. Du Maurier has been displaying in the pages of *Punch* his marvellous powers of observation, his irresistible knack of analysis. While Leech may not unfairly be compared with Scott in his view of society. Mr. Du Maurier has been faithfully following the precepts and the practice of his master, Thackeray. His pure artistic gift, we rather think, lies in those fields whence the grotesque is not excluded; witness some of his work in the late sixties and his wonderful series of nightmares in recent almanacks. Few, at any rate, of his pictures tell their own tale, and, delicate and refined as they are, almost all would be robbed of their supreme and telling effect but for the consummate nicety with which the legend is adjusted. Legend and drawing together compose a whole, where no strokes are superfluous, where there are no vague or random touches, and where all the means are skillfully subordinated to the desired end. How much Mr. Du Maurier's is a literary rather than an artistic triumph may be inferred from some of the "social" cuts from other pencils which have appeared during the last two or three years. The drawings, if not first-rate, have been up to a high standard; but the total effect has been spoiled by a clumsy and inartistic manipulation of the "cackle," in consequence of which the characters have been robbed of the intense *vraisemblance*, of the close relationship to real life, of the typical and essential quality, possessed by all such of Mr. Du Maurier's subjects as move in "le highlif." Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, "The Duchess," Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere), Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas, Sopely, Todeson, Sir Pompey Bedell, and Grigsby have become as much a portion of the national tradition as Mr. Briggs.

No member of Mr. *Punch's* staff has reached greater things from more

unpromising beginnings than Mr. Sambourne—not even Mr. E. T. Reed. The gap that stretches between his earliest sketches—commonplace in conception, cramped and amateurish in execution—and a triumph of bold perspective like the Rhodes Colossus (vol. ciii., p. 266) seems beyond the stride even of that Colossus to cover. Mr. Sambourne, indeed, may claim to be second only to Sir John Tenniel in felicitously hitting off the political situation of the day. But what strikes one most, even about performances like "The Elephant and the Eel" (vol. xvi., p. 146) or "The Times tacking" (vol. lxxviii., p. 170), is less the aptness of the thought than the copiousness of fancy and the complexity of method with which it is expressed. There is no economy of means about Mr. Sambourne. Compositions like "Birds of a Feather" (vol. lxxviii.), or his annual designs to commemorate the opening of the Academy, or his contributions to the almanacks, or to the Jubilee number, are miracles of ingenuity and elaboration; while a glance at the convention by which the check trousers of a yahoo are represented (vol. lxxviii., p. 122), or at the inextricable network of lines which evolves itself into the "cartoon junior," "Patchwork, or making up a British Regiment" (vol. lxxvi., p. 107), makes one tremble at the manual work which the engraver must have undergone to give effect to his meaning. In Mr. Sambourne's case, too, intricacy of detail and superabundance of shading are no mere devices to cover poverty of design. His outline is as bold, nervous, unflinching, and correct as that of Mr. Phil May himself; nor could it be more characteristically exhibited than in an amusing little thumbnail-sketch of 1875 (vol. lxi., p. 95), where Lord Tennyson, poker in hand, is represented as driving an unfortunate interviewer from his presence, through the window.

Of the remainder of Mr. *Punch's* Academy of Arts mention must be brief. Mr. Bernard Partridge won his diploma, so to speak, by his admirable illustrations of Mr. Anstey's dialogues, and it is still in that species of work

that he shows at his best. Mr. Phil May, we should judge, scarcely feels at ease as yet in his new quarters. Perhaps he has been handicapped by the inferior quality of the jokes which he has had to draw up to. At all events, the quite recent illustration of "Wheel-in', old man, wheelin'," seems to us the only example comparable to the best of his previous work. Mr. Furniss's secession was a distinct loss; but it may be questioned if, so far as *Punch* is concerned, his bolt had not been shot. Every member of Parliament had been drawn playing golf in some hopelessly impossible and unprecedented attitude, and Sir Richard Temple had assumed every posture of which even the most supple and elastic human frame is incapable. In Mr. Reed we fancy we detect a much more original talent, of which some of the choice fruit has been gathered in the "Prehistoric Peeps." He has made remarkable progress already, and the old-fashioned note of grotesque exaggeration and caricature which marks his works is by no means amiss.

We have already said something by the way of *Mr. Punch's* political views, with which, of course, in the main we have little sympathy. The bitter Radicalism of his youth has long been toned down; the family feud with Jack Ketch, so conspicuous in the early volumes, has been healed, nor, in all probability, would our sagacious friend now work himself into a fever of indignation if the home secretary very properly took it upon himself to open an anarchist's private correspondence. Moderation has come with advancing years; and as *Mr. Punch* must "please to live," he has for a long time done his best to keep in touch with popular feeling. He was a keen free-trader, for that was the winning side, and Sir Robert Peel never got a "hand" from him until he had for the second time betrayed his party. His devotion to Lord Palmerston was heroic, and he equally disliked and distrusted Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright. Thanks to keeping his pulse on public opinion, he has almost never been factious, and he

has generally risen to a great occasion. His cartoons during the Crimean War are a noble and worthy expression of patriotic feeling, and surely must have troubled his conscience when eighteen years ago he took the Russian bear into his good graces, and assailed our old ally the Turk. He has lived long enough to be inconsistent; after the extinction of John Company, for example, he (quite ultroneously) styled the queen "empress" in the preface to vol. xxxv., but he bitterly opposed the Royal Titles Bill in vol. lxx. He has been systematically unfair to almost no body of his fellow-countrymen except to the High Church party, which he has never attempted to understand and never ceased to lampoon. His conceptions of John Bull and Britannia have been universally accepted as happy; but by another symbolical figure he has done something to foster the mischievous conception of Ireland as a distressed and beautiful female. He would probably pretend to hold the balance as true as possible between both political parties; but the real strength of his inclination to Liberalism, or at all events to Mr. Gladstone and his policy, may be inferred from the facts that in no cartoon is any expression given to the fierce indignation and shame with which every Englishman heard of Mr. Gladstone's disgraceful surrender to the Boers after Majuba Hill, and that no adequate commemoration is anywhere made of the result of the general elections of 1886 and 1895,—by far the most momentous events in our recent history. If Home Rule had then carried the day, what cartoons should we have had in *Punch*! Mr. Gladstone as an armed knight carrying the fainting Hibernia out of some vague wood; Mr. Gladstone as Perseus releasing Hibernia as Andromeda from a monster labelled "Coercion;" Mr. Gladstone as Hercules slaying some Hydra; Mr. Gladstone, his legs swathed like a brigand's or like Mr. Tupman's, and a viking's helmet on his head, borne aloft on a shield by his faithful and triumphant men-at-arms,—one or other of

these subjects would Sir John Tenniel's pencil have been infallibly called upon to illustrate. The Union, on the contrary, wins, a revolution is averted, and the leader of the victorious party is depicted as a successful "ped," or as the hero of a bicycle race!

One word on a single topic and we have done. It has always been the boast—the just boast—of *Punch* that he has never permitted his columns to be polluted by any of those topics which appear so largely to provoke the wit of "our lively neighbor the Gaul," as Mr. Micawber has it. A few years ago, so strict were the canons of British taste, it would have been needless to emphasize this characteristic of *Punch*, which every self-respecting paper would not willingly have renounced its claim to share. Now, however, our bookstalls and our club-tables are covered with prints, at any price from a penny to sixpence, whose sole and only title to popularity is the license they assume in dealing with hitherto forbidden matters. It is true that, in endeavoring to borrow a leaf from our Continental neighbors' book, they have left behind that small portion of wit which might have been pleaded in mitigation of the original offence, and that their jests are as old and stupid as they are offensive. But they seem to appeal to a large public none the less, and *Mr. Punch* deserves the warmest thanks of the community at large for abiding by his traditional policy, for steadfastly eschewing this perilous stuff, stolen (and spoilt in the stealing) from France, and for continuing to provide us with a periodical which no honest man and no honest woman need be ashamed to read.

With this sincere tribute of respect and admiration, "Maga" takes leave of its very good friend. He has often been charged with dullness; but the wonder is, not that in the course of more than a century of volumes he should have been sometimes stupid, but that he should have been so consistently witty. Luckily, there is small prospect of his material giving out. The world, though many are unwilling

to believe it, changes but little, and the folly of to-day will be either the folly or the wisdom of to-morrow, so that half a century hence *Mr. Punch's* playful raillery will doubtless find ample scope in much the same crazes that engaged it fifty years since or that engage it to-day. Long life, then, to the sage; and long life to the fortunate nation which can boast so kindly, so sagacious, and so upright a censor!

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AN ARBITRARY LOVER.

Seth Waving walked back into the village one evening as though he had only the day before quitted it.

It was two-and-twenty years since he had last looked down the village street—two-and-twenty years since he had turned and said "Good-bye" softly to the familiar scene before departing with the policeman who had come to fetch him. Twenty-two years, and he had never looked on it since. He halted on the gentle rise at the top of the street, and gazed around him and in front; he was not given overmuch to sentiment, but his eyes softened as he gazed.

It was not much changed. There was a gap in the irregular row of brown thatched cottages, where a fire had consumed one of the oldest; and its very foundations were now lost under the straight rows of cabbage plants in the garden which had taken its place. The fir-tree, too, was gone that had given a name to the three cottages sheltered under one roof at the further end of the road, just where it branched off to the squire's park and the church. The village green was enclosed by a stout fence, and cows were grazing on it in the evening sunshine; the lord of the manor had grabbed it, and the children were playing in the dusty road instead of on the short sward that had belonged to the children of Seth Waving's childhood.

But nothing else seemed changed.

He called to a small boy of about

seven summers, who was making a dust pie in the road.

"Come yer, my son, wilt?"

The child came, obedient, and stared at the stranger, with his thumb in his mouth, and his eyes uplifted. Seth Waving had known eyes like those, many years ago—grey, with dark iris, and long black lashes fringing them.

"Bist frowtened?" he asked the child gently. "Yent no need, fur I wunt hurt 'ee. Who lives in thic thur house, now, down agen th'old tree stump?"

The child took his thumb from his mouth, and melted slowly into a prolonged howl. A girl, some few years his senior, looked over the hedge at him, and cried:—

"Speak up to the gentleman, Seth Bradley! What is it you'd please to want, sir?"

"Be his name Seth Bradley?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' what be yourn?"

"Jane Bradley, sir," with a deep curtsy.

"An' your mother's?"

"Her be Widow Bradley. Father's dead."

"How long hev' he bin dead?"

The girl looked at her small brother meditatively.

"He be seven," she said, "an' he were barn'd the day father died."

The stranger looked closely at the little maid before asking his next question.

"Thy mother's name be Sarann, bent-a?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought I weren't makin' no mistake. Little maid, wheer do thy mother live?"

The little maid pointed to the brown roof which embraced three dwellings under its motherly wings of thatch, and Seth Waving strode down the street, and knocked at the furthest door of the three. A woman opened to him, and he said:—

"Good-evenin', Sarann."

She gazed at him in a puzzled way for nearly a minute; then after bewildered uncertainty, and after uncertainty conviction.

"Good-evenin', Seth," she said quietly.

"You be come back, then?"

"I be, Sarann."

"Fur good?"

"Fur good or fur bad—one or t'other on 'em."

"Thy feyther be dead this nine year."

"I knaws it; an' Jenny be dead too, an' her husband married agen. I've a-heerd the main o' the news out in Australla. You was married too, Sarann, e'en-a'mwoast a year arter I'd a-gone."

Mrs. Bradley's grey eyes came in search of his own, and then dropped to the ring on the fourth finger of her thin left hand.

"I were," she said calmly, and with resignation.

"Was you happy?"

"I had a comfor'able home, an' a comfor'able husband; I waited a bit for you, an' I couldn't wait no longer to be a burden on mother. I thought you'd come home after you'd a-done the fourteen days, but you didn't; I never was one to chackle, but my heart were pretty nigh broke, Seth."

"How could I come whoam when I'd a-ben took up for poachin', an' ahl the country knawed it? Who'd ha' gin me reg'lar work agen, arter that?" he asked bitterly. "Farmers 'ould ha' employed ma when 'em couldn't get no other, an', when 'em could, I'd ha' starved. I went abroad wi' Tom Simmons, an' him an' me've lived together up in the bush ever sence. I didn't make my fortun', but I've a-got what'll bring ma in a suv'ren a week as long as I lives, an' summun else arter ma, whosomdever I med leave un to."

Mrs. Bradley sighed. "My husband died seven year ago last Michaelmas," she said. "My eldest darter be twenty year old, anighst; I've got five, an' the youngest were barn'd the day his feyther died."

"I've a-sid he," remarked the visitor; "he be called Seth, too."

A faint color showed itself in Mrs. Bradley's pale cheeks, and made her look half-a-dozen years younger.

"I named un fur you," she said simply. "I thought 'twere no harm when

my husband were dead; an' we *was* friends, Seth."

"Yes, we was friends, Sarann," he answered, looking at her more closely. She was tall and thin, and her hair was brushed back straight from her low forehead in an unbecoming and uncompromising manner. There were a few lines of care on her brow, and her cheeks were sunken, as though she habitually went short of food; there was a look almost of gauntness in her lean form. But her eyes were grey, and large, and heavily fringed; her nose was straight, and her pale lips had lost none of their curves. In her clear skin mantled a delicate color still.

"You bain't much changed, though you be older," remarked Waving meditatively. "An' you be thin, too, as if you didn't get awwer much to eat, however. Times has bin hard, I reckon."

"I ain't never gone to the parish. I gets work two or three days a week, an' Nellie arns good wages an' helps me all she can."

"An' your boys?"

"Fred bain't very stiddy; he be young yet, an' he'll come all right, please God, but he don't bring home more'n enough to kip un. Dick on'y gets boy's wage, an' you knows what that be."

"So you goes short, Sarann?"

"I be used to 't," said Mrs. Bradley without emotion.

Waving shook his head, and then looked again at her.

"I've got a pound a week," he said presently.

"Ah!"

"'Tis more'n I wants, so to spake."

"Mebbe so, Seth," said Mrs. Bradley, to whom it was a large fortune.

"We was friends wunst, Sarann."

"Ah-h," again, with the soft, long-drawn vocal which indicates ungrudging assent in Oakshire.

"We kep' comp'ny wunst."

"We did, Seth."

"Shall us kip comp'ny again?"

Mrs. Bradley gave a scared look at him, and threw her apron over her face with a quick movement.

"My money 'ould do fur both on us,

an' your two little uns; an' t'others could hae a home w' us. We med so well make a match on't—w' your consent, Sarann."

The apron was withdrawn by Sarann's trembling hand, and her face, flushed pinkly, looked out again at her visitor.

"We be too old now," she murmured. "Folks 'ould laugh at us."

"Dall 'em; what'd that matter to we?"

"I ain't expected it; I didn't know you was comin' home. I didn't hardly know as you was still alive."

"But you gave a thought to ma sometimes, didn't 'ee, Sarann?"

"Yes, I gave 'ee a thought sometimes," she admitted.

"An' we *was* friends wunst?"

"Ah-h."

"Have you aught to say agen ma?"

"No, Seth."

"Do 'ee cling still, as the sayin' is, to Ben Bradley?"

"Not to call it *cling*, Seth."

"Hev' you took to arranother man sence his death?"

"No."

"Then I reckons we'll make a match on't as soon as you likes. I ain't never forgot you out there, Sarann."

The pale woman, still a little flushed, got up and raked together the dying embers in the fireplace, as though she were striving to put fresh life into the long dead ashes of her marital love. She was too conventional, like most of her class, to depart from recognized methods of courtship; she had not seen Seth Waving for more than a score of years, and in spite of the sentimental memory which, although it was long buried out of sight, had never waned in all the years of his absence she could not bring herself to depart suddenly from the traditions of her lifetime.

"I'd like to marry you, Seth," she said weakly, "if so be you're willin', as you says—but I don't know—"

"What doesn't know?"

"How folks 'ould take it."

"Dall folks, one an' all; 'tis fur you an' me to manage this yer job."

"Mebbe the childern 'ouldn't like it."

"'Tis fur you an' fur me; an' if 'tis best fur we 'tis best fur the childern."

"An' the neighbors med think 'twas too suddent."

"What! arter two-an'-twenty year?"

A tear started to the pale woman's eye, and she wiped it with the corner of her apron, but said nothing. Her under lip was trembling, and she could not trust herself to speak.

"Well, Sarann?"

Again no answer; and Waving left his chair and took from her the tongs with which she was still coaxing the cinders together, and laid them down on the bricks which served as a fender.

"Set down," he said, "an' gie me my answer. Will you marry ma as soon as parson can call us?"

"You was allus so arbitry, Seth," murmured Mrs. Bradley feebly.

"An' I reckons 'tis summun as is arbitry as you needs to kape the life in your body, wi' ahl they childern a-eatin' you up. You trust to me; I be rough, an' I ain't got much religion, mebbe, livin' in the bush ahl these years; but I've lived straight, so help me God, an' I ain't got no bad ways. Now, my dear, 'tis yes or no—one or t'other on't."

"Then 'tis no," cried Mrs. Bradley in desperation; "leastways, not now—leastways, 'tis no. I be kindly obliged to 'ee, Seth, but I can't do 't. Mebbe there's others as is younger as you'll come to fancy, if you wants a wife."

"Mebbe there be," replied Seth calmly.

Waving took a cottage in the village, and settled down within a stone's throw of his old sweetheart. When he hired a wagon and went to Oldborough for the furniture he found it necessary to buy, he let the things stand on the bit of green outside his door for some hours before taking them in to their places. They were good things, and solid of their kind, and he thought perhaps Sarann might notice them. Sarann did notice them, and gauged their value to a shilling; and praised them to the woman next door in a distant and uninterested kind of way. Then she went into her own house and

wiped off a tear with her apron; and said to the ashes while she raked them together:—

"My furniture 'ould ha' held good for another twenty year; an' my bedstead be a better un than his'n."

It seemed to her a waste to spend so much good money on things that were not really needed.

But her daughter Nellie had much to say about the new furniture.

She came in, in her bright, fresh beauty—a young and lovely likeness of her mother. Her hair was not dull, and faded, and thin, but golden and beautiful, and it waved in little rough curls over her temples, as her mother's, perhaps, had done many years before. Her eyes were soft and blue, and her skin was of cream and of roses; and her hands were small and smooth, and not toil-reddened as her mother's were. For, indeed, Nellie took good care that her hands should not be roughened through too much hard work; and she had left her one situation partly on this account, and had never sought another. Straight and lissom as a well-grown young sapling, she carried herself with an ease and grace not often seen in the village, and her neighbors were not slow to prophesy that she would come to no good, as is the way of neighbors.

"Have you seen Mr. Waving's furniture, mother?" she asked, as she came in and hung her gaily flowered hat on a peg behind the kitchen door.

"Ah, my dear."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes, my dear."

"That's the very chest of drawers Ernest looked at last market-day," continued Nellie with a sigh. "He'd ha' bought it if he'd had another half-crown in his pocket; an' now 'tis gone."

"There be plenty more as good at Oldborough."

Nellie sighed again. She was not as yet entitled to inquire too curiously into the details of Ernest's expenditure; but she had reason to believe that, being baulked of the chest of his desire for want of an extra half-crown, he had spent the money he had saved on a new suit of clothes. The carrier had re-

ported on his last round that he was bringing a parcel from Snip's for Ernest, and Nellie could only wait anxiously for Sunday to confirm her fears, a visit to his mother having brought forth no result whatever.

"Mrs. Stone says Mr. Waving courted you, mother, before you married father," said Nellie, with an effort rousing herself from her despondency with regard to the coveted chest of drawers.

"Did she, my dear?"

Nellie looked closely at her mother. Could it be that she was blushing, or was it the reflection of the fire on her thin cheeks?

"It must be the fire—at her age, too!" she said to herself, "it *would* be ridiculous."

"Didn't you love him, mother?"

"I liked him well enough, my dear."

"Then why didn't you marry him?"

"Because I married your father."

"Mrs. Stone says Mr. Waving was sent to prison for poaching."

"He was, Nellie."

"But she says no one will think anything of that now; he's come back quite rich, she says, and no need to work, if he don't choose, so long as he lives. Don't you think him handsome, mother?"

"Looks is deceivin' sometimes; handsome is as handsome does," replied Mrs. Bradley, with one of the platitudes in which it was her wont to seek refuge.

"I ain't talking of *doing*—I'm talking of looks. Don't you think he's handsome for his age? Of course he's old, and his hair's getting grey, but there's something about him that's—that's distingy," concluded Nellie, with a reminiscence of her novel-reading vocabulary usually reserved for girlfriends in the village.

"Mebbe so, my dear," responded the mother as she went about her occupation.

Although Waving had, as they said, no need to work for a living, he did not settle down to a life of idleness. When he had furnished the house and planted his garden, he got employment as a woodman on the squire's estate, and

worked as hard as the best of them. He was received by the society of the village with a subdued friendliness which intimated that so long as he continued to behave himself circumspectly he should be welcome in the little community. At the same time the feeling was fairly general that having crossed the sea and lived in foreign parts he must have acquired a certain hidden store of wickedness—wickedness which might at any moment exhibit itself, and give the signal for his downfall in the eyes of the village world. But as time went on, and no scandal attached itself to him in any way; as he worked as hard as his fellows, paid his bills regularly, drank no more beer than sufficed him for his evening meal, and generally conducted himself in most conventional style, he was gradually accepted by his peers as a person of whom no one could say a hard word, and therefore worthy of all estimation so far as present developments might admit. It was even suggested that he was entitled to choose a wife from the village; and, indeed, before the summer was ended, it was obvious to the meanest rustic capacity that he had already made his election, and that pretty Nellie Bradley would be the proud sharer of his weekly income.

For Waving spent many an hour at the Fir-tree Cottage in pretty Nellie's company. It was judged that his first visits were paid to her mother, for the sake of old times; his later ones to the daughter for the sake of her bright, fair face, and gay, winning ways. She was like Sarann before Sarann had grown thin, and pale, and careworn; perhaps, after a while, he forgot the likeness, because so little of it was now remaining, and thought only how pretty was the daughter, and how bright, and how winning. Presently he suggested an occasional walk after Sunday evening service—the preliminary attention of a Wessex courtship—and Nellie, who was fascinated by her new admirer's strength and bigness, and handsome, toil-lined face, was proud to accompany him, and to submit to the teasing of the

other village girls on the subject of her new "young man."

She was quite prepared to accept Waving as a very eligible husband when he should propose to fill the situation. Apart from her suddenly awakened admiration for him, though hardly less of a factor in her regard, was the undoubted circumstance of his immense wealth, which would give his wife a position superior to all others in the village after the innkeeper's lady. Such a position was not to be lightly disregarded, and certainly Nellie never dreamed of disregarding it.

Perhaps at first a qualm or two visited her heart when she thought of Ernest Stone's forlorn state, but she was easily able to excuse her desertion of him. In the first place, she could console herself with the knowledge that he had never definitely offered to keep company with her, though he had walked with her for many months. Moreover, he had bought no more furniture since he missed the chance of the luckless chest of drawers, and his Sunday attire of late conclusively proved the direction his savings were now habitually taking. Of course she liked him, but she could not think of marrying a man who was content to live on indefinitely in his mother's cottage without making more effort than did Ernest for a separate establishment and a well-furnished home. So Nellie walked out on Sunday evenings with Seth Waving, and Sarann went home after church, and sat over her dying embers, and longed for a week-day task of mending or darning, that she might devote her thoughts to it without distraction.

Nellie liked to talk to her mother about her new admirer, and never wearied in her questions concerning his younger days. Mrs. Bradley listened, and responded, and sympathized, and prayed for her child's happiness. Her religion was not, perhaps, a very real thing to her, but she believed in the power of a great unknown being to confer benefits, and she asked them assiduously for her pretty Nellie. If Nellie liked Seth, and

if—if Seth liked Nellie, what was there to hinder their marriage? He was a kind man, if somewhat arbitrary; perhaps a softer and more yielding wife might have suited him better than her daughter, but he would make allowance for Nellie's imperious disposition, and give in sometimes to her wishes, even if they clashed with his own. Mrs. Bradley knew very well that Nellie must have her own way if the house was to be a peaceful one, and doubtless Seth would find this out too. But still—but still—if Ernest had been more persistent in his wooing, no other man would have had a chance in comparison with him.

So the time went on, and winter came—a winter hard and cruel, and dark with cold and snow. And little Seth Bradley sickened with the measles, and when the measles had left him a strange chill and shivering remained with him, and he began slowly to waste away before his anxious mother's eyes. To get him food and comforts she worked almost every day at the inn, charring, washing, baking—anything that would bring her in a shilling for little Seth. She stitched her fingers to the bone by the light of a flickering tallow candle each night, while she made warm garments with the flannel she bought for him; she spent her scanty dinner hour, snatched from the comfortable table at the inn, in cooking little meals which might tempt him to eat, and in kneeling by his cot while he swallowed minute portions with difficulty and pain. She went out in the cold, cheerless mornings, long before sunrise, to pick sticks in the park to warm her boy's shivering limbs as he lay by the kitchen fire with the death-flush on his cheek, which all save herself could interpret aright. And she starved, and went cold, and wore herself out in her loving labor, as only a mother can.

During the many weeks of little Seth's illness Waving came often to the Fir-tree Cottage—even more often than had been his wont, though he stayed but a few moments when he came. He never took Nellie for a walk now, but

he would come every night and ask her of the child's health, while the mother sat by with her swift needle, hardly listening to the low murmur of talk between the two. Waving would bring some trifling present for the child—a picture, an orange, a toy, anything for which he had expressed a wish, though, indeed, the tiny wasted hands could hardly hold the big man's gifts. Then he would go out as quietly as he had come in, with a low "Good-night" that included both mother and daughter, and could not disturb the drowsy sufferer in the cot.

So the days wore on, and with the rejoicings of Christmastide little Seth's pains were over, and his mother sat in her hard elbow-chair by the dull embers, and gave small heed to those of her children who yet remained to her. Nellie came, and knelt by her side, and whispered that Ernest had come back to her, and that she was happy again; Fred, in his rough, boyish way, brought all his weekly earnings, and poured them into her lap, and promised that no more should go in future to the public-house; and even little Dick and Jane tried many small expedients to "hearten up mother." She spoke gently to them all, but Seth, her baby, was gone, and nothing else seemed of consequence to the forlorn heart.

But as the weeks went on she roused herself again, and went about her daily round of work once more, only shunning her neighbors for fear they should speak to her of her trouble. Waving dared not come near her, for her sad, calm face discouraged him, as it did her other friends when they passed her at her garden gate, or on her way to her work at the inn. On Sunday evenings she would go to church in the old, thin, mourning garments that had served her for best since her husband's death, eight years before—garments that scarce could keep out the cold winds of early spring, which pierced her through and through. Waving furtively touched the thin black shawl one Sunday evening as she passed him in the church porch and then looked down at his own warm

coat, comparing it with her scanty covering.

Nellie's radiant happiness demanded much sympathy from her mother. She came in one day after a visit to Mrs. Stone, and poured out her young heart to the ever-patient ears that listened so kindly to every word.

"Mother," she cried, with a happy blush on the fair young cheek, "Ernest has bought a chest of drawers, the very fellow to Mr. Waving's, and a polished walnut table, at the sale yesterday. There isn't any table like it this side of Oldborough, I'll warrant. And he has taken the cottage on Primrose Hill, and he thinks he'll have furniture enough by midsummer——"

"And then, Nellie——"

"And then, mother, he wants to get married, and I've said yes."

"And do you love him, my dear? Do you love him better than arranoother man as you've a-seen?"

Nellie looked scornful.

"Do you mean Mr. Waving?" she cried. "That old fellow! Why, he's over forty, and getting grey too, and 'tis a funny sort of courting *he* does, with his solemn face, and his 'How be your mother to-day?' Why, he never even offered to kiss me. I believe he only come here so often because you and him was old friends. Oh, I dare say he's all very well in his way, for them as likes old folks, but I've never cared for any one but Ernest, though I did think he was serving me bad last summer."

"And wasn't he, my dear?"

"No, mother, he wasn't. Those clothes were left him by his uncle as died, and Snip made them over to fit him. Ernest's been saving all this time, and he's got a pretty penny laid by. I can tell you; only he was shy, and when he thought I'd gone again him he wouldn't say nothing. So we was parted for a bit, but it's all right now."

Mrs. Bradley put down her iron, and kissed the pretty face upturned to her.

"God bless you, Nellie!" she said, and her eyes filled with tears as she saw her daughter trip gaily down the court to rejoin her Ernest at the gate. "God

give my girl a good husband—as good a husband as mine was, and more love in her heart for him than I had for her father. God forgive me!”

She tested the heat of her iron with a damp finger, and finding it cold set it down on the bricks by the fire, while she searched for the handkerchief in her pocket.

She leaned her head on her ironing-table, while hot, unwonted tears fell on the white linen she had so carefully ironed. A footstep sounded on the threshold, and a large frame filled up the narrow doorway, while a pair of friendly eyes gazed at her where she sat.

“Sarann!” said a deep voice presently; “Sarann! Can I come in, Sarann?”

She got up in haste, and wiped her eyes furtively; and Waving came in, shutting the door behind him with an air of mastership.

“I’ve summat to say to ’ee, Sarann.”

“Yes, Seth.”

“Do ’ee mind how long ’tis sence I come back from furrin parts?”

“’Tis a year to-day.”

“Ah, ’tis a year to-day. Folks ’ouldn’t be scandalized now, would ’em?”

“Scandalized, Seth?”

“If you an’ me was to make a match on’t, my dear, I means. Now, look yer, Sarann; laist time I put it to ’ee you said your say, an’ I scorned to go contrary to ’ee. But this yer time I be gwine to say mine. So don’t ’ee cut in, I warns ’ee, ’cept ’tis to answer up to my questions.”

“You was allus arbiterly,” murmured Mrs. Bradley, trembling but not refusing to hear him.

“I takes it fur Gospel truth as you don’t cling no more to Ben, as the sayin’ is, an’ hevn’t a-took up wi’ arranother man?”

“No.”

“An’ I reckons a widder’s life ent ahl jy, wi’ a pack o’ childern to find vittles fur?”

“No, Seth.”

“I reckons it bain’t a life as arraone ’ould choose, willin’, if a could hev arrarthing better. Yen’t that so?”

“Yes.”

“An’ you hevn’t got nowt to say agen ma, hev ’ee, Sarann?”

“No.”

“An’ us *was* sweethearts wunst, wasn’t us? An’ you’ve a-give ma a thought or two sence you was left a widder, ain’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Yes to both on ’em?”

“Yes, Seth.”

“I thought I worn’t makin’ no mistake. There be times as a man should lead a ’ooman, an’ there be times as a ’ooman should lead a man—though ’em bain’t many. This yer be my turn. I seed parson a-gwine down the street half-an-hour agone, an’ I told un to gie out the banns to-morrow, Sarann; so we’ll be married Monday fortnit, my dear.”

A faint blush mantled in Mrs. Bradley’s clear, pale cheek, and a faint smile curved her trembling lips.

“You was allus so arbiterly, Seth,” she said weakly.

From Macmillan’s Magazine.

THE SWISS INFANTRY.

It is a commonplace of human history that the springs of great movements are generally to be found in some small and isolated territory. Would we know the home of art we must seek it in the scrap of mountainous land, a peninsula of a peninsula, which is called Attica; would we see the first light of the Reformation we must turn to the parish of Lutterworth in the little island of Great Britain; and if we would discover the birthplace of the modern art of war (and this is perhaps the most important of all arts to human kind), we must go to the tiny scrap of country, little more than five-and-twenty miles square and surrounded on all sides by lakes and mountains, which is called Schwytz. The fact that all Switzerland is called after its name points to Schwytz as the cradle of all that has made the cantons great; and greatness for a nation (and this is truer of no

people than of the Swiss) is achieved primarily by the sword.

But how or why Schwytz should have spun, so to speak, out of her own entrails, the web of a tactical system which overwhelmed the hitherto invincible chivalry, transferred the mastership in the battlefield from the horse to the foot, and thereby effected a great revolution throughout all Europe, are singularly difficult questions. It is indeed impossible to trace the growth of the Swiss military power to its beginning. No such difficulty exists in the case of other nations. We can trace the rise of the German and Bohemian military systems, for instance, with comparative certainty to individual men. There is of course no dearth of Swiss heroes, Tell, Rudolf von Erlach, Arnold von Winkelried, and so forth; but even if Swiss historians could agree (which they cannot) that these warriors enjoyed more than a legendary existence, there is still nothing to show that they initiated a new and original art of war. The result is that the Swiss are generally assumed to have sprung, like Pallas, suddenly and fully armed into military existence, on the day of Morgarten in the year 1315. Macchiavelli, anxious to account for so extraordinary a phenomenon, says boldly that the Swiss infantry copied the Macedonian model, but unfortunately omits to explain how a poor community of rude peasants should have known anything about the Macedonian phalanx at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Others dispose of the whole difficulty by pointing out that the Swiss, through their poverty, were unable to keep horses and were therefore obliged to fight on foot; and that they were aided in their struggle against Austria by the ruggedness of their country. But because men are forced to fight on foot it does not follow that they will therefore discover the secret of beating men who fight on horseback; and, so far as the nature of the ground enters into the question, the Swiss fought as well in the plains of Lombardy as among their native mountains.

It is at the same time a mistake to suppose that the Swiss were the only people who had devised infantry-tactics of their own, or that they were the first to overthrow the mailed chivalry on the open field. The battle of Legnano in 1176, where the Milanese infantry defeated the knights of Emperor Frederick the First, anticipates Morgarten by a hundred and fifty years. At Courtrai, again, in 1302 the artisans of the Flemish towns, armed with short pikes and maces, completely routed the headlong cavalry of France. Moreover England, the most striking example of all, had never permitted her infantry quite to disappear, and was specially enamoured of the practice of dismounting her cavalry for action. Indeed it is never sufficiently appreciated that the British archers, unless supported by battalions of knights on foot, would hardly have sufficed to win their first victory of Crecy. But the Flemish infantry was defeated by the French at Mons-en-Pevele, and utterly crushed by the final French victory at Rosebecque in 1382. The English, though they tried hard to prolong the life of their archery to their great civil war, were forced to abandon it for pike and musket. But the Swiss system endured, and for more than two centuries gave the law to Europe. It was in truth the foundation of all existing European infantry.

Where then the Swiss learned their tactics, or who he was that taught them, are secrets that must remain forever obscure. One thing alone is certain, that their representative canton, Schwytz, was from its first appearance in history a stubborn and combative community. It was a German colony which upheld its primitive German institutions against the feudalism that threatened it from the North; and above all it enjoyed a permanent quarrel, in consequence of a territorial dispute, with the neighboring monastery of Einsiedeln. Now this monastery had from very early times received special favor from the

emperors, with freedom of election for its abbots and immunity from lay jurisdiction at large, and it was to the emperors that it appealed for defence against the aggression of Schwytz. One would have thought that the empire would have given short shrift to a petty forest canton, but it was not so. Henry the Fifth in 1114 and Conrad the Third in 1144, both gave judgment for Einsiedeln when the quarrel was referred to them; but neither could enforce his decision on Schwytz. In 1214 the monastery and the canton became so violent in their feud that they burned and ravaged each other's territory for three whole years, until Rudolph of Hapsburg came to mediate between them. Two generations later, on the death of the Emperor Rudolph in 1291, the Schwytzers, defiant of the whole house of Austria, attacked the unhappy monastery again, and brought Duke Albert into the field against them; but the duke, good soldier though he was, seems to have retired without venturing to risk an action. In 1308, on the death of this Albert, the contest was again revived, and the Schwytzers had yet another opportunity of training themselves in the school of active service. Concurrently with these exploits at home the Swiss had sent a succession of contingents to the aid of the emperors ever since the twelfth century, while they had given a foretaste of their mercenary as well as of their fighting qualities by taking service with the Abbot of Saint Gall in 1253, and against him in 1262. When therefore the day of Morgarten came in 1315 they were no novices in the business of war.

It was not, however, until Morgarten had been supplemented by Laupen in 1339, and Laupen by Sempach in 1382, that the fame of the Swiss became really exalted in Europe. Even at the latter date, in spite of strenuous efforts of enthusiasts to prove the contrary, it can hardly be assumed that they had perfected the tactics which distinguished them in the fifteenth century; and

indeed the most striking feature in those three early engagements is the extraordinary good luck which they enjoyed through the stupidity of their adversaries. At Laupen the Swiss were little more than five thousand strong, the Bernese, who were the principal combatants, numbering four thousand, and their allies from Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and two other valleys but twelve hundred more. They were drawn up in two great battalions or wedges of unequal size, that on the right being made up of Bernese, and that on the left of their allies; and the whole were posted on rising ground to await attack. The baronial army numbered twenty-four thousand men, twelve hundred of them being cavalry, and was likewise drawn up in two divisions, the cavalry on the right and the infantry on the left. As the mass of the baronial foot advanced, two thousand of the Bernese took to flight without striking a blow; the remainder, to their infinite credit, stood firm until the enemy came close to them and then, after a brief preliminary fire of stones, fell on resolutely with the halberd. The steady advance of the wedge cleft the opposing infantry in twain, and routed it utterly with heavy loss; so that on the right the Swiss success was assured. On the left, however, the battalion of confederates was completely surrounded by the enemy's horse, and, being not yet armed with the long pike, was very hard pressed. The Bernese thereupon rallied and attacked the cavalry, which being thus assailed on both sides, was put to flight after heavy punishment. The Swiss won their victory gallantly and honorably enough; but it is difficult even for a layman to understand why the baronial commanders did not detach a portion of the cavalry to engage the confederates, and fall with the remainder upon the rear of the Bernese.

Sempach, again, was extraordinarily mismanaged by the Austrians. The scene of action was the level summit of a down, by no means unfavorable

ground for the action of cavalry. The Austrian cavalry, fourteen hundred in all, was drawn up in three lines on the slope of the down. The Swiss infantry, of about the same strength, was formed in a single wedge; and it was their task, if they could, to dislodge the enemy from their advantageous position. The sequel would be hardly credible did we not know, by many examples, the shifts to which their commanders were driven by the indiscipline of the knights. Duke Leopold of Austria was completely surprised by the appearance of the Swiss, and either from this cause, or from ill-timed recollection of the English tactics at Crecy, ordered his first line to dismount. They did so; but instead of standing firm they rushed down in disorder to the attack, headed by a number of rash young nobles burning to distinguish themselves in their first action. To do them justice they fought hard, and for a time had the better of their enemy, until the latter brought forward one wing, so to speak, of their wedge, and took them in flank. Duke Leopold then ordered his second line to dismount; but before this lengthy operation was complete and the horses removed, the Swiss had completely broken the first line and could turn all their strength upon the second. The day was intensely hot, and the knights, encumbered by their heavy armor, tired sooner than the Swiss, who, seeing their advantage, pressed it to the utmost. The third Austrian line still remained mounted, but instead of coming forward basely took to flight; the valets in charge of the horses of the dismounted men fled with them, and the Austrians were simply cut to pieces. Such, stripped of the embroidery added by later generations, legends of Winkelried and so forth, seems to be the story of Sempach, even more discreditable to the Austrians than glorious to the Swiss. One would gladly believe, if it were possible, the theory of a Swiss writer who maintains that the Austrians were surprised during a halt

before they had time to mount their chargers.

It will be observed that the tactics of the Swiss in these three engagements of Morgarten, Laupen, and Sempach were not yet those which (as shall presently be seen) they employed with such success in their palmy days of the fifteenth century, nor can it be said even that the weapons were the same. The name of the Swiss is generally identified with the long pike of the eighteen-foot shaft; and most gallant attempts have been made by recent writers to prove that this celebrated weapon was a Swiss invention and employed by the confederates from the first. The point, however, is one that must remain uncertain; for the earliest mention of the long pike is found in an order addressed in 1327 by Count Philip of Savoy to the burghers of Turin, and no one can tell whether the Savoyards borrowed it from the Swiss or the Swiss from the Savoyards. The primitive weapons of all infantry seem to be the spear and shield. The Milanese fought with such spears, or pikes, eight or ten feet in length, at Legnano, the Scotch at Falkirk, and the Flemings at Courtrai; so that it is impossible really to predicate of any one nation that it added the requisite number of feet to the weapon's shaft in order to make a long pike. There is no mention of pikes in the battles of the Swiss until Sempach, and it is probable that in that action they were not above ten feet in length.

Far more distinctive of the Swiss was the halberd, which was their principal weapon at Morgarten and Laupen. It is curious to note how the Teutonic nations, even to this day, prefer the cut and the Latin nations the point. We have been told by German officers that, when the German and French cavalry met in the war of 1870, the German sword-blades always flashed vertically over their heads while the French darted in and out horizontally in a succession of thrusts. Even the Ger-

man dead lay in whole ranks with their swords at arm's length. So the English at Hastings worked havoc with their battle-axes; the Netherland mercenaries carried a hewing weapon at Bouvines; the Flemings at Courtrai used their *godendags*, fitted alike both for cut and thrust; and finally the Swiss made play with their halberds, an improvement on the *godendag*. The halberds had a point for thrusting, a hook wherewith to pull men from the saddle, and above all a broad, heavy blade, "most terrific weapons (*valde terribilia*)," to use the words of John of Winterthur, "cleaving men asunder like a wedge and cutting them into small pieces." One can imagine how such a blade at the end of an eight-foot shaft must have surprised galloping young gentlemen who thought themselves invulnerable in their armor.

In the matter of missile weapons the Swiss, as the legend of Tell sufficiently shows, favored the cross-bow; but they also employed the more primitive system of stone-throwing with great effect. They were carefully trained in this latter practice, and to such purpose, it is said, that they could at twenty yards' range strike a small object with unerring precision. A blow from a stone a pound or two in weight, though rarely fatal, must often have been sufficient to stop a man, if not to slay him; while if it struck a horse full in the face it was pretty certain to make him rear up and become unmanageable. Then came the pikeman's chance to thrust his pike into the poor animal's belly, which done, the nimble halberdier ran up to despatch the fallen knight, and so the division of labor was complete. In due time, of course, the stones and cross-bows gave way to fire-arms; but the Swiss were never so famous with the arquebuse as were the Spaniards.

In the fifteenth century the Swiss adopted the system of forming their battalions for action into three divisions; the van (*Vorhut*), the battle (*Schlachthauf*), and the rear (*Hindhut*); an imitation of the prevalent fashion

of forming armies for battle in three lines. The rule was that van and rear should each be equal to half the strength of the main body; thus in a regiment of two thousand men van and rear would consist each of five hundred men and the battle of a thousand. These three divisions followed each other in echelon from the right or left. Each of them was formed into a solid square for defence, and into a wedge, or an oblong column, for attack; though in a pitched battle the whole three divisions were sometimes combined into one gigantic mass, in order that the proportion of pikes, which was from one-fourth to one-sixth of the whole, might go further in giving protection against the attack of cavalry. But there was almost invariably an advanced guard of some kind, called the Blood Company (*Blutfahne*) or the Free Company (*Freiengesellschaft*), being composed of volunteers (*Freiwilligen*), and later on the Lost (*Verlorene*, or *Verlorener Hauf*), from the last of which we English have derived, through the Landsknechts, our expression Forlorn Hope. *Hauf* has of course more to do with *heup* than *hope*; but the sacrifice of accuracy to euphony will in this particular instance be admitted to have its advantages. The French, translating instead of mutilating, called their advanced parties *enfants perdus*.

The discipline of these Swiss bands must have been a doubtful quantity, their history showing a strange mixture of occasional restraint and glaring insubordination. Inasmuch as the strength of their massive battalions depended not a little on the proper distribution of the pikes among the halberds, there must have been drill and discipline sufficient to ensure that men should remain in their places. But the probability is that there was considerable difference between the bands of the various cantons. The forest cantons were in their origin practically military republics; their administrators in peace were their leaders in war, and no one who had not approved himself a good captain

could hope to hold the highest civil office. Moreover the whole band formed a free assembly, wherein every man had a right to take part alike for debate and for action, subject to the laws of discipline and war. So too the Landsknechts of Swabia carried into their regiments the institutions of the German guild. But the Swiss towns were subjected to a Stadtherr imposed upon them from without, who was often an unpopular man, and hence their discipline was by no means so perfect. It is significant that the towns furnished a larger proportion of pikes to their halberds, for the simple reason that pikemen were more easily kept under control, for if they left their places in the ranks they were virtually defenceless. A halberdier, on the contrary, could move about and defend himself independently; his weapon was light and handy, and therefore not for an undisciplined man.

It is curious that it was this same quality of handiness that made the halberd the sergeants' weapon. The sergeants, who were generally the only men who knew anything about drill, needed to be eternally running up and down the ranks to put men into their proper places, and hence could not be burdened with a heavy, cumbersome pike. So the halberd became the distinction of the sergeant, and as such was promised to Corporal Trim by Uncle Toby himself; indeed, unless we are mistaken, it survived even into the present century. Then it gave place to the sword-bayonet, which compelled sergeants to shoulder arms after a different fashion from privates; and thus it may be said that the traditions of the Swiss survive to this day in Saint James's palace-yard.

For the rest, the Swiss bands marched to the music of fife and drum or of their own voices, the notation of one of their marching-songs being still preserved. The forest cantons also sent a horn with their companies, which instruments were known by nicknames, Bull of Uri, Cow of Unterwalden, and the like. Their sound was long a note of terror to the

men of Austria and Burgundy, and made a grand rallying-cry for the Swiss in action. But apart from this these horns appear to be the origin of the bugle-horns which still appear on the appointments of our Light Infantry, and have displaced the drum as the distinctive instrument of the foot-soldier. Each company of course had a flag of its own, which on march or in action was posted in the centre under a guard of halberds; whence the main body sometimes was called by the name of the Panner (banner). The Swiss were distinguished by the small size of their flags; the Landsknechts, on the contrary, to accentuate the difference between themselves and their hated rivals, carried enormous ensigns, and made great play with them. Other nations chose a happy mean between the two. Uniform was of course a thing virtually unknown in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though the Swiss, if we are to trust old woodcuts, wore the white cross on a red ground even at Sempach. A cross of some color was for centuries the only mark employed to distinguish soldiers of different nations in the field. The Flemish towns seem to have been the first to have prescribed a common pattern of dress for their soldiers, which was worn by them at the battle of Courtrai, and, it may have been, still earlier. The first recorded instance of uniform among the Swiss relates to a contingent of Bernese in the year 1365, fifteen hundred strong and all dressed alike. In 1499 the historian Pirckheimer commanded a mixed force of Swiss, horse and foot, who anticipated the English by all wearing red coats; and it is worth remarking that the Swiss regiments in the French service retained the scarlet to the last.

Tracing the progress of the Swiss through their famous campaign in the defence of their homes and in the service of foreign countries, one is struck chiefly by the extreme aggressiveness of the national character. The military spirit had bitten deeply into them, and the carriage of arms even in time of peace was their rule

long before they had made a European reputation. Both before and after Sempach the authorities of various cantons were obliged to prohibit a prevailing habit of never appearing in the open air without pike, halberd, or crossbow, so murderous were the quarrels thereby kindled. In fact there was remarkably little of the peaceful goatherd in the Swiss of that day; there was far more of the insolent soldier who cannot endure the tedium of a long peace.

The struggles of the cantons with Austria are commonly spoken of as though she were the aggressor, but Austria had not the slightest wish to quarrel with them. She rather sought their alliance, and it was the Swiss who insisted on following their own wishes by the right of the sword. With victory of course their insolence increased. There are few more striking scenes in history than that of a handful of petty cantons simultaneously pressing the sieges of Zurich and Färnsburg in 1444, and coolly detaching sixteen hundred men to meet fifty thousand French, Germans, English, and Scotch at Saint Jacob-en-Birs. But with insolence insubordination had likewise increased. The sixteen hundred would not be content with the defeat of thousands of French cavalry, and with the capture of banners, horses, guns, stores, and booty. Despite the entreaties of their officers they must needs cross a deep river under a heavy artillery-fire and attack the entire hostile army on the other bank. Even so they fought like tigers, and it was only after ten hours' furious encounter that they were finally annihilated. Ten alone of the sixteen hundred made their escape; the whole of the remainder lay dead or unconscious on the ground. The chivalry took indeed their revenge; but they purchased it so dearly that the lesson was soon forgotten by the Swiss.

A generation later the fame of the Swiss rose still higher after the victories of Granson, Morat, and Nancy; for it was no small thing to have

vanquished such a foe as Charles the Bold of Burgundy. It is singular that so celebrated a soldier as Charles should not have been more wary in attacking the Swiss, but it seems that, in spite of Sempach and all that had happened since Sempach, he still cherished the old false chivalrous contempt for all infantry. He was strangely ignorant too of the customs of the Swiss on the battlefield. When, as usual, they knelt in prayer and kissed the frozen ground before Granson, he fancied that they were begging mercy of him. "By Saint George," he exclaimed, "we shall not take long to destroy these Almain dogs;" and to do him justice, he did succeed in breaking into a great square of pikes and seizing the banner of Schwytz, though it profited him little. Morat was a greater disaster even than Granson, in spite of the astonishing gallantry of three thousand English, who here took their second lesson from the finest infantry in Europe. Finally came the crowning victory of Nancy and the death of Charles; after which there was nothing left for the sovereigns of Europe but to train men of their own on the Swiss model. Within the next ten years Louis the Eleventh had created the French, and Maximilian the German infantry; the former of which was destined to give the Swiss their first wound, and the latter, better known as the famous Landsknechts, to deal them their mortal blow.

But their greatest days were still before them, if mercenary service may be called the greatest. In 1494 came the invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth, which propagated the gospel of the new art of war all over Europe. It was the mercenary Swiss who terrified Italy into submission by the mere aspect of their battalions, and it was the Swiss who secured Charles's retreat from Italy at Fornova. In 1499, when a trifling dispute between Chur and the Tyrol dragged the Swiss and Suabians into the complicated Italian struggle, the Confederates turned against their inveterate enemy with

all their old fire. The German Landsknechts met them with high-sounding threats of vengeance and destruction, and even taunted them by crawling on all fours and lowing like kine; but the Swiss beat them in three successive engagements. The day of the Landsknechts was not yet come. Four years later saw them arrayed against the Spanish infantry under Gonsalvo of Cordova, and beaten back, together with the French whom they served, at Cerignola and the Garigliano; but the Spanish infantry was not yet the model of Europe. Meanwhile the tone of the cantons was high and haughty as ever. In January, 1508, they warned Maximilian, "that if he injured the French king, he would force them to be mindful of their obligations to him;" a direct threat from a power that knew its own strength.

The following year they were fighting for the league of the emperor, the French king, and the pope, against the Venetians; and on May 14th, 1509, they crushed the military power of Venice forever at Agnadel. They then quarrelled with the French, or it would be truer to say rendered themselves intolerable to them; for though nominally mercenaries they were really unmanageable allies. In truth their long supremacy on the battlefield had not only ruined them for peaceful occupation, but had begun to destroy their utility even for war. In Switzerland itself the military mania was so strong among them, that the very children turned out with flags, drums, and pikes, and marched in soldier's fashion with military step. Weddings, fairs, religious festivals, all great occasions alike were celebrated by a review or some other form of military display. But in the field their discipline had suffered, and their insolence had increased, until they were as terrible to friend as to foe. Always covetous and insubordinate, they became more and more inclined to plunder, and to dictate, under threat of mutiny, to the unhappy potentate who had hired them. The year 1512 saw them at the zenith of their power, when waving

Austria and France alike away from Milan they installed therein the ruler of their own choice. In the same year they met the Landsknechts at the passage of the Oglio and Ticino, and fording the rivers stark naked beat them back without waiting even to dress themselves. A few months later they showed even more magnificent insolence when besieged by the French in Novara; throwing the gates open they begged the enemy not to be at the pains of making a breach, but to walk straight in: "Donnez-vous donc la peine d'entrer." The French made no reply, except to hammer away with their artillery; whereupon the Swiss mockingly hung the breaches with sheets as sufficient protection against so feeble a foe. Shortly after arrived reinforcements from Switzerland, which, without pausing to rest more than an hour after a long and hurried march, dashed out in disorder against the encompassing troops and dispersed them with terrible loss. "If we could only reckon upon obedience in our men," said the Swiss leaders, "we should march through the whole of France."

But the end was now drawing near. They had fought with France against Venice in 1509, and against the French in alliance with Venice in 1512 and 1513; but at last in 1515, when again allied with the French, they provoked their patience too far. Two furious days' fighting at Marignano—such fighting that the veteran Trivulzio declared all other battles to be child's play compared with it—and the complete victory of the French taught the mutinous Swiss a lesson that they did not forget. Their long military connection with France dates from the year 1516; for they respected the men who had beaten them. But their insubordination was not yet cured. Seven years later at Bicocca they forced the French commander, Lautrec, into an action against his will. They must have battle or pay, they said, or they would march home; and they had their way. The Landsknechts and the Spanish arquebusiers killed four thou-

sand out of eight thousand of them, and drove the rest shamefully from the field. From that day their prestige was gone. Three years later at Pavla these same Landsknechts under the same leader, Georg von Frundsberg, marched across the battlefield eager to meet the Swiss, and for the second time defeated them utterly. On that day the sceptre of the infantry passed to the Landsknechts, and the fame of the Swiss steadily waned. The Germans were both cheaper and more subordinate than they.

Yet for centuries later the Swiss served the French with devotion and gallantry, and it was not until the fatal day at Versailles, August 10th, 1792, that they passed away gloriously from the history of the French army. And so it has come about that the Papal Guards, first instituted by Pope Julius the Second, and beadles in churches still known as Suisses, alone recall the gallant infantry that taught all Europe its greatest lesson in a new art of war.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AN EVENING CHAT IN JAMAICA.

Of all seas the Caribbean has no foolish flatterers. And our passengers (though having nearly all travelled up from Peru, or further Chili, we thought ourselves well seasoned) for the most part had small appetites and feigned sleep.

Said one, "It has four distinct motions; a pitch and toss, a roll, and a wriggle!"

"You are all hard to please. Look at it blue and rippling. It is behaving as prettily as it can," returned the captain. He wore a twinkling smile, a white suit, and a straw hat set jauntily on one side of his head. Then aside to the lady who sat on his right hand at meals:—

"Why on earth are they all reading 'The English in the West Indies'?"

"It is Froude's Gospel of Jamaica to most of us. We want to get some ideas beforehand."

"Don't quote his opinions to the planters unless you want to raise a storm during your stay. Froude looks on everything from the blackest point of view. He seems to have met one disappointed individual whose lamentations he chronicles word for word. Now I, who have sailed here for years, think Jamaica quite a rich little island. Look at her monopolies of exports; her rum, logwood, pimento—the fruit trade with the States. Of course her old days of prosperity are gone by, I grant you."

"For the matter of that, one hears something about depression even in England. In India too; while as to trade in Chili and Peru, where I have just been staying, it is growing more difficult every day for the English to gain a livelihood."

"Exactly so. They might be worse off here. Well, I must leave you now, and see about taking the ship safely into Kingston. Try to see and hear several sides of the question if you can. You will soon get the celebrated first sight of the Blue Mountains and the harbor, which roused 'Tom Cringle,' Froude, and other travellers to such a height of enthusiasm."

Jamaica indeed loomed high and blue to starboard; the sea lulled to a dead calm. Ahead lay the once famous hell haunt of buccaneers and blood-boats, Port Royal; now sunk by its great earthquake to a low green landspit and a handful of houses. Behind these, Kingston gleamed white against a background of dark mountain bases and low rolling clouds. Suddenly a swift tropical shower blurred the view and drenched the decks clear of all idlers. Later, my first impression of Jamaica was a dripping jumble of palm-trees, ships' bowsprits, and Kingston houses, mixed up among black coal mounds.

By good luck, the captain's parting counsel became a possibility. It appeared that the acting governor was awaiting my arrival to offer a delightful hospitality, but expected me, through some mistake, to arrive from North America. Not knowing this at

first, I drove straight on landing to a quiet hotel frequented more by island families than winter visitors. Here for two days it rained—torrents!

The graceful bamboos were all a-rustle, and the gorgeous pink and crimson flowers, hibiscus, poinsettias, and corallines were drenched, while the tortured palm-trees bowed their crowned heads, uselessly trying to escape from the lashing wind. This was in October, the rainy month, it should be explained.

Two nights while our cane "rockers" tapped rhythmically the polished floor, bare for sake of coolness, and while the warm rain streamed incessantly down before the open windows from black darkness, sat opposite groups engaged in talk upon one subject. They were inquirers and informants, new-comers and planters.

The former spoke little but to ask questions. The latter only ceased talk to light up for a fresh smoke, that kept mosquitoes off, except the most virulent.

Weather-bound were the said planters. For after coming down from their estates in the hills to shop and sleep in town, the rain proved too violent next day to be faced. Worse still, by evening came messages passed on by wire and telephone that two rivers were swollen and impassable. Bridges in Jamaica are few and low, and in the case of one of these luckless individuals of little use, as his road obliged him to drive his buggy and horses along the seacoast past the wide mouths of two rivers. This calls to one's mind the Jamaican proverb, "No call alligator longmouth till you pass him."

Speaking of sugar in the island, this planter told me that the estates are small and the machinery very poor in Jamaica, compared with the great cane-fields and mills I had lately seen in Peru.

"But still we get along—and manage to make a small profit. Rum is the one thing in which no place can excel Jamaica. And a strange thing about it is, that one big estate will produce only

common stuff while a little one close by may be making the very finest spirit possible, at six, seven, or eight shillings a gallon. The cause seems to be from some difference in the soil. But what that is, no man can say. And here a planter has to be his own engineer and chemist, if he wants to succeed.

"As to the cane plants themselves, we cannot irrigate them at will and so bring them to the perfection that is gained in Peru. Still they do well, and in some gullies where surface soil is washed down from the surrounding higher ground, the canes have not been replanted within living memory. Again, other large estates always need to be fresh planted after the second cut.

"A great pest of the cane-fields here is a plant called cow-itch. This is somewhat like the scarlet runner, and it sheds from the outside of its pod a down that causes acute pain. Should cow-itch infest a patch of cane, this brake must be burned to prevent the mischief spreading widely afield.

"One day," said our informant, "I was riding through my fields and complained to a negress that one corner was not sufficiently cleared of the loose leaves. She told me, 'Too much cow-itch in it.' Not believing her, I got down from my horse and lifted some of the leaves myself. Heugh! how they stung! I could hardly keep from showing the pain, so mounted again and rode away without a word. But when I had got once out of sight, down I jumped pretty sharp and rubbed my hand well with earth."

This gentleman also told me something of the chinchona growth which has been fostered here recently by government. It is known better under the form of quinine at home, and is a comparatively new attempt, which so far has been only a failure.

"What of sessel hemp, which has also lately been introduced into the island?" I queried.

"I fear our soil is too rich for it," said the planter thoughtfully. "My own experience is that the sessel hemp

thrives best on very poor land; just as does our big aloe, here called 'Maypole' by the people, because on May-day their grandsires and grandams used to dance around it."

But after all, judging from what this planter and several others told me, whatever crops are under discussion, whether pimento, logwood, or bananas and oranges, coffee remains the finest present product of Jamaica. For the Blue Mountain and the Peaberry kinds—the latter being the finer of the two—have no equals, perhaps even in Mocha. They are brought up a year before grown for the Liverpool market, and are here supposed to be all intended for Russia.

The Peaberry derives its name from an apparent freak of nature, one round pea instead of twin seeds being found within the coffee berry, and containing a double flavor. These single berries or peas, are hand-picked from out of the general mass. Some of the best coffee plantations are said to be quite small, but situated in favored gullies in the hills where the soil is extremely rich, being an alluvial deposit brought down by streams and winter torrents. As with canes, so with the coffee. Many of the latter grounds need replanting after sixteen years. But the Blue Mountain trees are famous for being perhaps sixty years of age.

"Coffee growing exhausts the soil so utterly that the land must lie fallow afterwards," explained our Gamaliel. "'The saltpetre has got into the coffee, sah,' is the niggers' favorite expression when they pull up a tree to show you that it is rotten at the roots. Now considering that there is no saltpetre in the whole island, how and whence they ever got their idea of its qualities is a mystery to me."

The process of preparing coffee berries for market was now briefly explained to me by this kind acquaintance. When gathered, red and round as cherries, the berries are subjected to the only machine used throughout in the work. This is not unlike a nutmeg-grater, or graters, which free the twin beans inside the berry from their

fleshy covering, leaving them clean and blue. They are then sun-dried, and on the best plantations this is done by spreading them on barbecues, or cement terraces, sloped so as to allow rain to run off quickly, having gutters all around and one raised place in the middle. The beans are raked constantly to expose all of them in turn to the sun; but should there be any signs of rain coming over the sky, the whole crop is gathered with haste into a heap in the raised centre, and a shelter-house on wheels is drawn over them while the bad weather lasts. Last of all, the berries are hand-picked with care, and the finest are put aside.

"Labor is at present the great drawback of our island," ended the planter. "See what thousands of acres are lying waste in the mountains! I don't blame Quashey for sneaking off high up there and settling himself down free of any landlord. It's a great temptation instead of having to pay me rent of 1*l.* an acre; though in the latter case if one goes up to measure what he is really cultivating, it turns out to be five or six acres, instead of the two he was at first given."

"But that seems a rather heavy rent. How can he bring his produce down to Spanish Town, or Kingston, and sell it?"

"On his wife's and childrens' heads; also on jackass-back; last of all on his own. He generally rides up on his ass to his ground of a morning, wife and children filing after him; then the wife works hard, and perhaps he does a little, or else he lies on his back."

"But you have coolie labor now in Jamaica?"

"Certainly. Without that we could never get on; for it is no longer as in old days when the slaves were concentrated on the estates. Each coolie costs over 16*l.* to the Indian government, half in passage money coming here, and the rest either for their return journey or as bounty in case they choose to stay after their time is out—but few do. They are very good laborers, and I like the coolies."

These East Indian coolies are now

quite an Oriental feature in this West Indian island. A visit to their village at Mona is like being transplanted to the other side of the globe. The coolies are induced to come out here by government agents, and are indentured for a fixed time; their industrial service in the colony lasting for a term of ten years. In return their employers guarantee them work for six days in the week, at 1s. per day for men and 9d. for women. Hospitals are provided for them carefully by the government, and in sickness a coolie receives his half-pay until he is recovered.

Whereupon our talk ended that night. For early hours are necessary in Jamaica, where people rise at six, or often five, to avoid being out later in the great heat of midday. Our planter had ordered his buggy and horses even before cockcrow, *at half past two!* By daylight he trusted to reach his first ford, where, if the river had not fallen, he must needs await its doing so.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE SHOW-CHILD : A PROTEST.

A protest mostly carries upon the face of it its conviction of futility. You seldom find yourself lifting your voice against an evil until it has passed beyond remedy, when the wiser policy would no doubt be to keep silence, or, making the best of a bad business, to thank God that it is no worse. And yet there are times and circumstances which make it difficult to refrain from an expression of opinion, however barren of results. It cannot be denied that among the products of our present stage of civilization there exist those of which it is not altogether easy to be proud; and conspicuous amongst them is that latest development, at once painful and grotesque, which may be termed the show or professional child.

The term requires definition, both in its negative and positive sense. By the professional child is *not* meant the child-professional. To confound the two would be as unjust as to compare the dancer who earns her bread by the per-

fection of her art with her sorry imitator in a London drawing-room. The position of the child professional has been a recognized and to some extent a legitimate one ever since the days when "the children of her Majesty's revels" were trained up to perform before the court, and Ben Jonson wrote his pitiful epitaph on the poor little player who had acted

Old men so duly
As, sooth the Paræ thought him one,
He played so truly,

and in mistaken haste hurried him off the world's stage altogether. The trade in infant prodigies has always been a thriving one, though not, it is to be feared, invariably profitable to its immediate subjects, and the picture drawn by a later poet of the precocious musician who

Had played for his lordship's levee
And had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would
swim.

is not so purely imaginative as one could wish, or the premature withdrawal of the infant artist to perform, as one may trust, before a more considerate audience, a sequel unlikely to have resulted in more cases than one.

Whether or not, however, the business has conduced to increase the sum of human happiness, the victims of such uncommon gifts have nothing in common with the phenomenal production which may be termed the professional child. The capital upon which the trading of the first is carried on is not childhood alone, but precocious talent, and though, if the poetess was justified in upbraiding the god for the work of destruction involved in making a poet out of a man, there can be even less room for doubt that a child, as God made it, is a more valuable possession to humanity than a prematurely developed artist, at any rate the article produced responds to a real demand, which is alike its excuse and its *raison d'être*. But the "professional child" is a different matter.

Nobody wants it; nobody, except the wire-pullers, feels any interest in its performances; and few will be found who will not, when they think about it at all, regret its existence.

For the show or professional child is emphatically *not* the child of exceptional gifts or even of exceptional beauty; it is merely the result produced out of ordinary raw material by a certain course of treatment; the child of five-o'clock tea parties; a familiar feature at private views; the contributor to juvenile magazines; conspicuous at amateur performances of dancing or music; adroit in recitation or in whatever form of display may be the fashion of the hour; to sum up the whole matter, it is the child about town, on whose behalf precisely that publicity is coveted and invited which in the case of the genuine child professional is admitted to be the principal disadvantage of its career, and to minimize which is one of the chief objects of such parents or guardians as take a responsible view of their charge.

A professional child! The very title is a paradox. For to adopt a profession is obviously to set oneself to make capital out of some industry, or talent, or art in such a fashion as to live by it; as a musician lives by his delicacy of ear or touch, or a physician by the mastery of his science, or a jeweller by his skill; while even the theologian, through a more equivocal figure, can cite his warranty in Scripture if he claims his right to live of the sacrifice. But there are gifts of which no man has a right to make capital. It would ill become one to whom a talent for friendship has been given to trade upon his powers of sympathy, or a saint upon his devotional capacities; and in like manner the idea of a professional child—a child in whose case simple childhood is the sole stock in trade brought to the world's market—so much capital to be used and expended by those who exploit it—is touched with sacrilege, almost like the setting up of the moneychangers in the holy place. Yet there can be no doubt that the

traffic is being carried on more briskly, though in a strictly limited circle, every day.

That the circle is thus limited is alike the excuse and the justification of a protest, since the damage done, though possibly irreparable in individual instances, is not yet so widespread as to render the case hopeless. Show-children are, so far, happily limited in numbers, and confined, broadly speaking, to a certain set in society and to its imitators; and, this being so, the mass is not so largely infected with the disease that hope of its timely arrest need be abandoned. It is possible that the day may be already at hand when the evil, like some others, will supply its own corrective. The pendulum swings backwards and forwards, and reaction from an extreme of whatever nature may be securely reckoned upon.

The system at present in fashion in the matter of the treatment of children is, of course, itself a reaction from one which had its own defects, and there is no doubt that it has been in many respects a change for the better. An atmosphere of repression, like that which prevailed in the earlier part of the present century, however conscientiously enforced, is one in which many natures are apt to grow to a stunted maturity. And yet, when one observes the results so far achieved by the reversal of the older method—results culminating in the production of the professional child—one cannot altogether avoid questioning whether the former system, faulty as it was, with its plain fare, plain dress, subordination of the interests of the young to the old, and general sense of their comparative insignificance, with, moreover, the more important subordination of the present to the future, did not possess advantages of which we now feel the loss.

We have, in fact, passed from one extreme to the other. The class in which the show-child flourishes is at direct variance, in respect of the objects to be pursued, with the old-fashioned school, and where aims are diametrically opposite it is only natural that

methods should likewise differ. To quote Madame Necker de Saussure as an example of the earlier theory, "élever un enfant," she says, "c'est le mettre en état de remplir un jour le mieux possible la destination de sa vie," whereas, did her successors confess the truth, they would be forced to admit their main object to be by no means to prepare a child for its future, but to enable it to perform its part in the present as if no such future existed, to achieve as far as possible an immediate success, and to evoke that attention and admiration—in extreme cases that notoriety—which may pleasingly reflect upon those responsible for its education.

And to teach a child to perform a part, to make it conscious that it has a part to perform, is to deprive it, by destroying its spontaneity, of what should constitute one of its chiefest charms. Childhood has remained to the world its one relic of unadulterated nature—a witness more convincing than the first chapter of Genesis to the Eden which humanity has left so far behind. Men and women at their best can scarcely choose but be make-shifts and compromises, and a wholly natural man, were such an anomaly possible, could scarcely escape the charge of affectation. But childhood has a right to be natural—an advantage so incalculable that, by one thinker at least, premature death has been judged a price not too heavy to pay for its immortalization; while, on the other hand, to a writer holding a different view, death in childhood owes half its terror to the sudden and terrible maturity conferred by translation to another world:—

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death;
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid;
By those eyelids, pale and close,
Now she knows what Rhameses knows.

Whichever view may be right—and Leigh Hunt and Elizabeth Browning have by this time had the opportunity of comparing their divers theories—it is

certain that on many men and on more women—on almost all the latter indeed, except, paradoxical as it may seem, on a certain class of mothers—the spectacle of a wasted childhood, of a childhood, that is, with just the elements which make up its charm eliminated, produces an altogether peculiar sense of pain, due, perhaps, if we track it to its source, to the abiding and vain regret which haunts them for their own dead childhood—the childhood to which no theologian has ever ventured to promise a resurrection.

At first sight it would seem that the evil would be necessarily confined within strict and narrow limits. We do not send mongrels to exhibitions, or a dandelion to a flower show, and even the professional beauty, the forerunner and precursor of the professional child, required certain not altogether common attributes as conditions of success. The number of children, one might have imagined, qualified by nature to play the part would have been so restricted that they might be expected to occupy the place filled by poodles or performing dogs in the animal creation. But this would be, alas! too sanguine a generalization. There is no monopoly in this particular trade. Clever children, beautiful children, or children gifted with pronounced talents, may indeed be rare; but observation of the facts leads inevitably to the conclusion that few are so plain, few so dull, that, by skilful manipulation, coupled with careful selection of a part, they cannot be moulded into fairly successful specimens of the class. "Je veux avoir de l'esprit," said one of his pupils to the Marquis de Méré, who would seem to have felt his special vocation to lie in acting as amateur preceptor to those destined to adorn the Court of Louis XIV. "Eh bien, vous en aurez," was the answer, cited in the memoir which records it as a proof of the confidence of the teacher in manufactured wit.

It is true that no century has a monopoly of its foibles, yet it is curious to find that the middle of the seventeenth century was a period when the show-child was as conspicuous as at

the present day. In the system of training, for instance, which the future Madame de Maintenon underwent at the hands of the same De Méré, we discover, allowing for the difference in the age and country, a close resemblance to the treatment which finds so much favor now. A man for whom, as we are told, decency of sentiments and manners stood for principle, he evidently spared himself no pains in his self-imposed task. He formed in his pupil the "bon air;" composed for her use dialogues and tales which we cannot doubt that she was taught to recite after the most approved mode; he instructed her in the art of being amiable; excited and encouraged her by praise to give the reins to her character—an astute method of ensuring at least an effect of some kind; he paved the way for her success in society by announcing her beforehand as a prodigy of wit and virtue; he even christened her afresh as "la belle Indienne;" until, as her biographer concludes. "Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, encore enfant, eut toute la réputation d'une personne qui ne l'était pas." How many Mademoiselle d'Aubignés are to be met with nowadays!

In Madame de Maintenon's own training of her favorite pupil, the little Duc du Maine, it is clear that, strong-minded as she was, she had proved altogether unable to resist the temptation of making a show-child out of a prince, going so far as to print a selection of his exercises, maxims, and reflections, under the title of "*Cœuvres diverses d'un auteur qui n'a pas encore sept ans.*" But Madame de Maintenon was wise in her folly. From this precious volume she was careful, we are told, to exclude what would have conveyed an impression of mere brilliancy, choosing rather such productions as should give the more attractive effect of the grace and naïveté of childhood. Truly her successors in the present day might profitably go to school to the governess of Madame de Montespan's little son!

That the type should not be limited to any one age or generation is natural

enough, since there have always existed those who are show-children by nature—who are by birth that of which the rest are laborious and painful imitations; and where the original is found copies are not likely to be wanting. Marjorie Fleming, for instance—Sir Walter Scott's Maidie—how could she have helped playing the part, summing up in herself as she did all the several elements of success, in precocious brain power, charm, premature religious experience, a rare capacity for expression and language and composition, together with a fine foreshadowing of that sentiment which it was her hope to "practise" in the future? A dozen show-children, each in a separate line, could have been manufactured out of this single pathetic and brilliant little personality, dead at seven years old. In her case, desirable or not, the performance was inevitable. It was nobody's fault that she had contrived to crowd so much thought and experience and vivid sensation into her short life. It was not a day when show-children were in fashion, and it is probable enough that, leaving Sir Walter out of the question, her sallies of wit and sharp repartees, like those of Maggie Tulliver, instead of receiving the encouragement which would now be bestowed upon them, were viewed with disapproval as unbecoming her age, and the speaker bidden, like George Eliot's heroine, to sit down on her stool and hold her tongue. Maidie was before her time.

It is impossible, too, while thinking of examples of those who have been show-children by nature, to avoid comparing with Marjorie Fleming, in whose very precocity there is something of the healthy freedom and hardy freshness of her northern race, another show-child of more recent date, the unfortunate Marie Bashkirtseff, in whose case to the natural gifts which rendered a performance of some kind no less necessary than to Maidie was united an environment so different and so eminently calculated to stimulate the display. Whether or not, as has been hinted, the clock was in this instance

put back, with the object of enhancing and exaggerating the effect of the artificial womanhood which makes half the tragedy of the picture, the very suspicion that the fraud might have been perpetrated by those responsible for the publication of the diary furnishes a curious and significant comment upon the atmosphere which would have rendered such a desire possible and throws into relief the contrast between it and the surroundings in which the very mention of that "papethetic thing," love, by little Marjorie was forbidden.

Doubtless the publication of such books as this diary of poor Marie's has not been without its effect, and one wonders to what extent the development of the show-child has been directed by it, and how many of the specimens produced during the last four or five years have been unconsciously modelled upon her example.

However that may be, and however far removed from each other in other respects, Maide and Marie were, at least, both inevitably and of necessity show-children—originals, not copies. And such children of course exist. The pity of it is that they have become the fashion, so that where exceptional gifts are natural they run the danger of being forced till all grace and spontaneity is crushed out of them, and that where they are absent they are simulated and imitated so that the poor commonplace victim is drilled to perform a part for which it is not fitted, till every muscle and tissue of the unfortunate little frame is strained and cramped, all that was genuine destroyed, and we are presented in its place with a medal more or less successfully struck from a Marie Bashkirtseff, from a Marjorie Fleming, or, perhaps, in less ambitious cases, from a Helen's Baby or a Lord Fauntleroy.

A child is quick at forming conclusions; it commonly enough knows more than it has been told, and it is little wonder if it should come to look upon success in that to which such paramount importance has been assigned, and to which so much has been

sacrificed, as the main business of life. It would, for instance, be next door to a miracle if the beauty-child, in the arrangement of whose life every other aim has been from infancy, though possibly unconsciously, subordinated to the object in view, did not cease to consider anything of importance compared with the effect she produces; or if the child to whom the part of precocious intellect has been allotted should imagine that the main business of life lies elsewhere than in the successful scoring of a point, whether by the parrot-like repetition of lessons learnt in its premature acquaintanceship with the London drawing-room—an acquaintanceship which finds its parallel in a different grade of society in the singing of music-hall songs by infant virtuosos; or by speeches in which, except to the parental ear, rudeness represents wit, or in which the germ of a real intelligence is overlaid and vitiated by the continual consciousness of an audience.

It is this same consciousness which is one of the most inalienable and fatal attributes of the true show-child. It has learnt to watch itself, and will go so far as to make a study of its own emotions. It will tell you whether it has laughed or cried, is capable of describing its mental and moral symptoms; it can stand outside itself and make its comments upon what it observes; whilst its sentiments with regard to different persons are subjects of intelligent interest, to be examined and explained.

The show-child, moreover, has mastered the art of regulating its behavior so as to create the desired effect, and it is no uncommon trait to repeat itself until such time as that effect has been produced. A little boy of five has been known to have learnt that there is something entertaining in a mispronunciation, and to insist upon reiterating the word until the proper amount of amusement has been excited. But the cleverer among them learn to conceal this consciousness, mastering in time the most fatal art of all—the art of seeming simple.

There is another point to be noted. The mischief done, though positive enough, has no less its negative side. If certain characteristics are produced, others are destroyed, and that by the easy process of crowding out. It is impossible that there should be room in the little mind, incessantly occupied with the interests to which it has been systematically narrowed down, for the development of such unutilitarian qualities as imagination or sympathy, or for the wider, healthier interests to which the intelligence might otherwise have been open. To witness such a process of moulding is to watch the freer life—worse, the possibilities of such a life in the future—being destroyed by inches.

Imagination, perhaps, goes first. The world of fancy and phantasy, which is a child's natural heritage and sanctuary, cannot hold its own beside the realism of drawing-room life, and the tints of fairyland must inevitably fade when brought into competition with the glare of the footlights. It is a question whether even the fanciful creations of a Hartley Coleridge or of the Brontë nursery could have survived the career of a modern show-child. Ask the latter, and you will find, likely enough, that she has not so much as christened her doll. It is a toy for her—for them it would have been a personality.

Another, less obvious, loss is the power of thought—a more serious matter, if Sir Arthur Helps is to be believed, than it would seem at first sight. "I never thought," he says, in the person of one of his "Friends in Council," "so well or so closely as when it was a new thing to think. One gets tired of thinking, as one does of everything else, as one gets older." Now the show-child seldom has time to think. To do so would indeed be an absolute obstacle in the way of the performance of its part; for it has been shrewdly observed that the merely sharp child *says* what the more thoughtful child has sense to perceive it is better *not* to say; and the verdict pronounced by his mother upon David Hume—that he was "a fine, good-natured crater, but uncommon

wake-minded"—is only one evidence amongst many that uncommon intellect is not apt to display itself in precocious loquacity. There is undeniable truth in another remark of the acute observer quoted above—that it is possible to have too much performance to leave room for promise.

Another loss in the lives of such children is the limitation of their fields of enjoyment. Childish pleasures lose their attraction under the stress and strain of excitement belonging to the atmosphere in which they are bred, and companionship of those of their own age is apt to grow wearisome. Children make an unappreciative audience, and it often happens that the show-child is in some sort an alien amongst its comrades, preferring, naturally enough, the society of those whose applause it has been trained to seek.

And if the show-child does not play, neither does it work, unless at its own particular treadmill. Lessons form, indeed, a part of the ordinary routine of life—a necessary evil to be undergone when not interfering with matters of greater importance—but the child is quick to discover and not unwilling to acquiesce in the view, avowed by some parents and held in secret by more, that it is too clever to need teaching; and the habit of mind thus formed strikes its roots deep down and bears fruit freely in after life. It is not the lessons which are the loss, but the power of learning.

In conclusion, it is impossible not to be struck by a singular feature of the case. It will probably be admitted on all hands that the phenomenon of the show-child does exist; it has been further demonstrated that it is the result of a deliberate system of training—that it is, in fact, the victim of a process for which it is in no wise answerable, and that when the sin is tracked home it will be found to lie at the door of the elders. And yet, take an assembly of mothers, and not one will be found who will not execrate the manufacture, nor will it be an easy matter to bring a single penitent to confession. The first step in their reform has to be taken in forcing home

to their conscience the conviction of sin. The very mother of a show-child will put your zeal to shame by the eloquence of her denunciations of the iniquities of which her neighbors are guilty, and the thanksgiving of the Pharisee makes itself on all sides heard. The riddle is presently solved. The child of each speaker, it will appear, is possessed of qualifications so exceptional, of gifts so unique, that it would be to defraud the public and to defeat the kindly intentions of nature were she not forced to overcome her dislike of display. Each delinquent, in fact, possesses a double code of morals—the one reserved for her own use, the other applied to her neighbors.

To conclude as we began, a protest is seldom otherwise than useless. Nevertheless something may be gained, a step towards reform may be taken, if those responsible for the system of training to which the show-child owes its existence can be persuaded that, by a large fraction of that world whose applause it is their special object to win, their manufacture is regarded with distaste—that to the impartial public, though precluded by courtesy from speaking its mind, the child has not only lost its original attraction, but has acquired no compensating advantages; and that, in the eyes of those who care enough about the subject to have formed an opinion upon it, the puppet has proved emphatically a social failure.

I. A. TAYLOR.

From The National Review.
THE AIR-CAR, OR MAN-LIFTING KITE.

BY LIEUTENANT B. BADEN POWELL.

The methods of war change with the times. In olden days it was considered sufficient for the warrior to look upon the opponent that stood before him through the chinks of his vizor. Later on the captain of the forces scanned the serried ranks of his foe a couple of hundred yards off. Then came the time when the general, rising to the summit

of some convenient knoll, surveyed the lines of the enemy as his men advanced to the attack. But nowadays something further is needed, as regards a view of the adversary which an army is about to encounter. With rifles capable of throwing their deadly missiles nearly two miles; with guns which carry their powerful shells to still greater distances, no close formation dare advance within a range at which a single man can scarcely be discerned. Attacking troops must be scattered far and wide among the woods and hedgerows. How then can a general hope to estimate the force before him, to surmise their intention, to gain a clear idea of the dispositions of the enemy? How can he hope to watch the progress of the battle, especially if there be no suitable hill or church-tower handy, and if trees, or other obstacles, obstruct the view? Even cavalry scouting is but a slow mass of machinery, requiring to be very perfectly geared and smooth in its action, in order that the motion imparted to one end may be transmitted to the other. It has become indispensable for the general to have some means by which he may overlook the scattered forces of his opponent and discover their allocation.

In order to command a view over these vast areas, it is now customary to post an observer up high in the air, to report all that goes on, and the balloon, that hitherto only known means of rising to any height above the earth's surface, has been brought into the field. So important have the results of this mode of reconnaissance been found that nearly every military nation has adopted such an apparatus as a regular part of its equipment. France, the native land of the balloon, has a large establishment, not only in the neighborhood of Paris, but at many other military, and even naval, centres; Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy have their balloon detachments, so have Spain, Holland, and Denmark, and even Japan has recently ordered an equipment to be sent out from England. And yet balloons are difficult machines

to work practically. They are very delicate, and require careful handling. They need a lot of transport. There is a difficulty about supplying the gas, which is their life, their all. In early days it had to be generated in the field, but now a great advance has been made by the introduction of steel tubes, in which the ready-made hydrogen can be compressed to within a hundredth part of its bulk. Even then a great many tubes are required, and they are necessarily of heavy make so as to be safe and strong. Several wagons must therefore be taken to transport the simplest balloon equipment, and many more must be pushed forward in reserve to replenish the consumption of gas. Then there is another great enemy to the captive balloon, and that is *wind*. On a windy day it will sway about so greatly as to render careful observation impossible, even if it can be got to ascend to any height at all. The stronger the wind the more powerful, and therefore the larger a balloon should be. But the larger the balloon, the greater its weight, and the weight of the tackle required to hold it. A balloon also forms a capacious target for an enemy, and, though difficult to hit at long range, it must be kept at a good distance out of harm's way (two, to two and a half, miles is the limit laid down), since one bullet-hole, even though it may not at once disable the air-vessel, yet probably will, sooner or later, waste all that precious volume of gas.

With the idea of overcoming these difficulties, and obtaining an efficient machine to enable a man to rise to a height in the air to overlook the surrounding country, I started some years ago devising a suitable apparatus for the purpose. Various suggestions have been made for the improvement of the balloon, and enabling it to be efficient in windy weather, but I determined at the outset to do away altogether with that fickle and troublesome element, gas. Aërial machines furnished with screw propellers could doubtless be made to ascend, but then again heavy transport would be required to carry

the engines and fuel for working them. Then my thoughts soon turned to that simple toy, the kite, and on that well-known principle I based my new machine. Thus the wind, which is so detrimental to ballooning, now became my friend and helpmate. Yet, let me at once explain I do not consider it an absolute necessity. As a schoolboy runs to get his kite to rise, so this aërial apparatus may be towed by running men or horses, and so caused to ascend in calm weather. After some years of experimenting with small kites of all shapes and forms, I increased the size till I made one thirty feet high. At length I arrived at a shape and adjustment of tackle such that practically removed all unsteadiness and liability to capsize. That awkward appendage, the tail, was discarded, and by increasing the number of kites, steadiness and ease of manipulation were increased. And now I think the apparatus is at last approaching the practical stage.

The latest machine consists of a varying number (usually four to six) of sails, of a flattened hexagonal shape, looking not unlike the square sails of a ship. These are connected, one behind the other, to the ground line, from which latter is suspended a basket car. A parachute is spread out above the car in case of accident. The number of kites used depends upon the strength of the wind, and thus, the stronger the pressure, the less is the area presented, so that the strain on the retaining ropes is always about the same. This apparatus has now been tried on a number of occasions and under many different circumstances of weather, and, although through lack of wind, or rather insufficiency of kite-power, it has occasionally not lifted as well as I should have liked, and frequent mishaps, the results of inexperience, have occurred, yet on the whole it has behaved very well, and has generally carried its man easily and steadily to a considerable height. I have myself been lifted over a hundred feet high, and had I not been firmly held down by a rope I might have risen much higher. Never once have I experienced the

least uncomfortable motion. When the car has been let up to the full extent of the rope, equivalent to a height of some four hundred feet, it has invariably floated steadily and well. The ropes and tackle have, with a few exceptions easily remedied, always stood their work well, and those seeing the apparatus for the first time have generally expressed surprise at the ease and steadiness with which it ascends and remains aloft.

Now this machine packs up into two bundles, twelve feet long, and a small basket of ropes, each of which can be easily carried by one man. A very few minutes are required to unpack and set up the apparatus. The whole paraphernalia, including all ropes, canvas, poles, basket, spare gear, and covers, actually weighs but one hundred and ten pounds, and I have no doubt but that this weight might, if necessary, be considerably diminished. So that the transport is reduced to a veritable minimum. The entire apparatus weighs but little more than one tube of gas for a balloon (of which at least fifty would be required to raise one man). Again the system of kites forms but a very small target, since, except when viewed from the base of the retaining line, the one point where the enemy is least likely to be, they only present a thin edge to view. In their fullest phase they expose but a fraction of the disc of a balloon. Moreover, the sails can be riddled with shot with impunity, and if the framework is smashed by a bullet or shell, five minutes should suffice to have it spliced and in order again.

The machine is started thus. The kites are opened out and laid on the ground and connected together. The main ground line is attached, and the car, with its parachute, is fixed in place. The pilot kite is let up to its full height, so that one is enabled to judge, by its pull, of the strength of the wind. Its line then being attached to the next kite, the whole system is carried aloft, each car "drawing" as it gets clear of the ground, the car being held down. The *aéronaut* then gets into the basket,

and the "regulator line" is pulled taut, which causes the kites to bring their full power into play, and the whole thing rises, lifting the car straight up. By means of the regulator, of which the man in the car has control, the ascent can be graduated to a nicety, so that at any moment he can lower himself, quickly or slowly, to the ground again. It is a beautiful motion, this floating in mid-air, and the ability to regulate the ascent gives great confidence: a factor decidedly wanting in a balloon, when you rise right up without being able to stop or descend, except with the assistance of those below.

On the whole, then, though not yet quite perfected, I think we may say that sufficient evidence has been gained to show that, with a very little improvement, the invention should undoubtedly prove serviceable.

Such an apparatus, having been devised, having grown into existence, having been successfully tested, and found efficient, may therefore be looked upon as a new machine, a new member of the vast body of modern inventions. It must, therefore, in due time be christened and given a name. First, one naturally alludes to it as a kite. But it is not a kite, for it consists essentially of a *number* of buoyant sails. Then, if we look in a dictionary, we find the word "kite" defined as "a light frame of wood and paper constructed for flying in the air for the amusement of boys." Can an apparatus, perhaps composed of steel rods, covered with calico or silk, and which, though doubtless still causing much entertainment to a juvenile audience, is hardly constructed for this purpose, be included under that definition? Then, again, a kite, as we know it, is usually constructed more or less pear-shaped, with a long tail of paper bows or caps, which is supposed to be essential to its proper flight. This, then, is very different from the almost square, sail-like, tailless units of the new apparatus.

On the whole, then, I think we can hardly consider the term "kite" as describing the new machine, and a

fresh word altogether must be coined. A vast number of appellations, including derivatives from Greek and Latin, some ugly, some complicated, some unpronounceable, have occurred to me; but, on the whole, I think it is simplest to call the apparatus an "air-car," since it is the car that is all-important, and which is supported by kites, parachutes, sails, or whatever we like to call them.

And now let us consider to what extent this new machine fulfils our requirements. Though most authorities agree that such an appliance might be of use to supplement an aeronautical equipment, I have been rather taken to task for suggesting that it could altogether oust the captive balloon. There are possibly some few occasions when the wind is too light to raise a man, and when towing may be impracticable owing to the obstruction of trees or other reasons. But how often are such circumstances likely to occur?

Wind is very variable, and statistics show that its pressure is so inconstant from day to day, from month to month, that it seems useless to quote figures about how many days are likely to be calm, and how many windy; but, speaking from experience, I think I should be on the safe side if I say that on an average, out of six days, not more than one is likely to be too calm for the kites, but that certainly at least one will be too windy for the balloon, the remaining four days being favorable for both. Supposing now that both kinds of apparatus are taken. Then as the balloon requires time to fill, and great care to be taken of it, etc., the air-car, supposing it to be found equally efficacious, would surely be used in preference when any doubt existed as to which to employ. This means that, even neglecting the towing, the kites would be used on at least five days out of six. The question then remains: Would a general prefer to take half-a-dozen wagon loads of apparatus about with him to be certain of being able to ascend at any time, or would he rather have one pack-horse load with the

possibility that, say once in a week, his apparatus would be useless? I believe myself that in any country where there was the least difficulty about transport (and where is there not?) he would probably prefer the latter alternative. There is one more fact in favor of the air-car. When no wind whatever is blowing, there is usually a mist or huge cloud hanging about. This would render useless, or greatly lessen, the value of *any* aerial observation. So that the balloon's only day is the one least favorable for procuring good results.

I must be pardoned if I appear over sanguine as to the possible attainments of this new apparatus, but it must be conceded that I have probably given much more thought to the matter than any one else. Lord Methuen the other day dubbed me Counsel for the defence of Kites, and as such I am bound to plead their cause, and state what I think them capable of doing.

I believe there are many purposes to which the air-car may be applied which are impracticable for a balloon. Firstly, being so light and portable, it may be sent off to accompany scouting cavalry, a service hardly possible for a balloon. This is very important, since scouting, or searching for the enemy, is a rôle for which such an appliance is specially suitable. Then, there being no inflammable gas, there is no reason why rifles, or even machine guns, should not be fired from the car. It thus becomes difficult to foresee what limits can be put to the use of an apparatus which might be made so light that each man could almost carry on his own back, an aerial coracle to lift him high above the heads of his enemy. The transport of a balloon section is composed of six wagons, which, if loaded with air-cars instead, could carry enough apparatus to lift one hundred and fifty men! There is no reason why a rope a couple of miles long should not be used; and if only the wind blows in the right direction, or if a point to windward can be attained, a position may be taken up right over the enemy's

heads whence explosives could be dropped on desirable spots.

Besides these, there are innumerable other uses, some minor, some important, to which it may be applied. Not only is it the army which may be assisted. At sea, where the wind is usually steadier, and where there are neither trees nor buildings to interfere with the lines, there is, I believe, a great scope for the air-car. Floating high above a man-of-war (by which it might be towed in calms), a distant view could be obtained, in which the enemy's ships could be descried at vast distances. And during an action, is it too much to suppose that the machine might be floated over a hostile vessel to discharge a torpedo from above?

Turning now to more peaceable ideas. As a means of rescue from shipwreck, a kite has often been suggested, but seldom utilized. A simplified air-car could be stowed away with the greatest of ease on the deck of any ship, and might prove of supreme importance in case of disaster. There are also many purposes in civil life to which the invention may be applied; but it may be getting somewhat wearisome to continue such a list of future possibilities, so I will leave them to the cogitations of the imaginative.

It is a pity that in this so-called miserable life of ours we have always to consider that wretched question of filthy lucre. It is one which ought to have no place in the minds of soldiers, at all events, when purchasing their outfit. But, unfortunately, a soldier is but a servant and slave of that mean, tight-fisted gentleman, the tax-payer, and his even more miserly representative, the Treasury. New inventions are often brought forward which, if adopted, might add greatly to the efficiency of the army. But the wherewithal to acquire the necessary article is generally wanting. So we must look the matter in the face, and see whether, supposing this air-car *should* prove to be an efficient acquisition to our powers

of offence and defence, we can, as a nation, afford to adopt it. Let us consider the necessary outlay. I am unable to give any exact figures as to the cost of the machine, as my own hours of labor would be one of the chief items. Nevertheless, a great accuracy will hardly be necessary if I say that I believe a complete machine could be made at a government yard for about five pounds.¹ The cost of maintenance would be but a trifle. No special outlay would be necessary for the requisite plant for the manufacturer. It may be mentioned that our present balloon establishment costs us about £3,000 a year. Can we, then, as one of the leading powers of Europe, afford, say, £20 to thoroughly investigate and completely put to the test this, as I think, promising invention, bearing in mind that it is possible that by its adoption we may be saved spending the £3,000 a year on balloons?

And now to sum up. We have here a machine capable of lifting a man safely to a height, which has very many advantages over a balloon. It is infinitely more portable; it is infinitely less costly. It requires no reserve supplies, and is not precluded from ascending by too much wind. It is practically invulnerable, and it promises to be of use in many circumstances rendering a balloon impracticable.

No possible objections—except, perhaps, lack of wind—have been raised to its employment by those who have gone into the matter. Others, who say it is incompatible with safety, liable to turn over in mid-air, or not strong enough to withstand a strong wind, have never seen or had much experience with the machine. There are some, I fear, who say they would be afraid to go up in it; but, if the results prove it to be of use to an army in the field, I hope no British officer would seriously bring forward this as a plea against its employment.

¹ It is immaterial if this estimate is wrong by one hundred per cent.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE RISING OF THE BRASS MEN.

It was nine o'clock, one sultry evening early in the present year, and had therefore been dark some two and a half hours, as a solitary white man patrolled the clearing surrounding the factory at the mouth of the Nun River. To the rear and on both sides lay the great African forest, in most places a horrible quagmire of putrid mud and slime, out of which, supported on their high arched roots, and with branches growing down and again taking root in the mire, rose the mangrove trees. In other parts where the ground lay firmer grew lofty cottonwoods, with an almost impenetrable mass of thorny bushes and creepers plaited round their bases. On the remaining side flowed the Nun River, the principal of the Niger's manifold mouths, here about a mile wide, and dividing the two dense forests. On either bank for hundreds of miles stretched the mangrove swamps, the trees growing out of fathomless mud, intersected by muddy creeks winding like tunnels under the interlacing branches.

Over river and forest hung a white mist, heavy with the smell of rotting leaves and exhalations of the swamps, which no white man may breathe uninjured, and which to many brings ruined constitutions or swift death from malarial fever. After the fierce heat of the day, the white man shivered a little as the clammy mist soaked through his clothing, and lighted a cigar as some feeble attempt to counteract the probable dose of fever. Listening sharply, he passed along the strip of fetid mud which formed the river bank, and found the black sentinels at their posts half hidden by the mist and the dripping bushes. Then rapidly returning, he climbed the stone staircase rising to the factory, which, as is necessary along this coast, was supported some twenty feet from the ground, to raise it a little above the worst of the miasma (for here, if a white man sleep on the ground-level, he shall surely die), and entered the

brightly lighted room. At the table sat two men, another Englishman and a young French officer, both haggard and with the fever-smitten look of this blighted land; but while the Englishman appeared anxious and ill at ease, his companion, with the *insouciance* of his nation, sat smiling and careless. They had sufficient to justify any anxiety; for weeks past the Nimbi negroes, incensed at the attempt of the British Company to charge them a duty on their trade, had threatened to come down and kill the white men and burn the factory; but by the self-sufficiency and contempt of every native nation, which England has so often dearly paid for, the warning had been slighted until now, when most of the black troops were away, and only some few remained with three Europeans, the blow was to fall.

All day strange canoes had been seen coming down the river to disappear among the mangrove swamps, and the few river men, who worked among the Krooboys round the factory, by that singular means which all natives have of transmitting news faster than it can be carried by any mail-canoe or steam-launch, were whispering that a fleet of large canoes and at least nine hundred men from the Brass River, another deltaic arm of the Niger, would that night wipe out every man around the factory and utterly destroy it. In front of the factory a small redoubt was hastily made out of salt-bags, and a machine gun mounted in it; the few black troops were supplied with as much ball cartridge as they could carry; and when night fell with the suddenness of the tropics, all waited with anxious hearts for what might befall. Besides the three Europeans, there were some two or three hundred colored hands around the factory, clerks from Sierra Leone and Lagos, and the ever-cheerful and generally to be depended on Kroo laborers. These were, however, in the same peril as the whites, as one negro tribe hates another with a deadly hatred; and the river men, who form powerful nations and possess

cities of forty thousand inhabitants, are a cruel and vindictive race, and allow no interlopers in their dominions. The only one at ease among them was the black printer, who had been to the Brass city, where he had friends and relations, and where he assured his envious listeners he would be treated as an honored guest.

Hour after hour passed slowly, the fireflies flashed and sparkled in the wet grass, and no sound was to be heard except the rapid rush of the ebb-tide and the croaking of frogs in the swamps. The moon rose and the mist grew lighter, showing on the one side patches of the gleaming river, and on the other the dark wall of the forest. One by one the natives, with the happy carelessness of the negro, dropped off to sleep; but above, the three Europeans kept close watch on the veranda, taking turn about to see that the outlying sentries were awake at their posts. So the night crept on until in his gay manner the Frenchman began to abuse the Brass men for keeping them waiting. "Don't be impatient, Daddy," his companion said; "if they come, the brutes will be here an hour after midnight." Then as the time was drawing near, the lamp in the room was turned low, spare rifles taken from the rack and laid on the table, besides a supply of opened cartridge packets, and then with rifle in hand the three sat quietly in the shadow on the veranda.

"Listen," said the doctor; and up the river they could plainly hear the "chunk, chunk" of paddles. In another moment there was a loud report from a good-sized gun in the bows of a canoe, and then with howls and shouts the Brass men rushed upon the factory from the bush and river simultaneously. With their sharply filed matchets the factory Krooboyes made as brave a stand as they could, but they were outnumbered six to one, and the Brass men were armed with guns. Ball or shot they rarely use, but prefer a handful of broken cast-iron potleg, which at close quarters makes a ghastly wound. In a few minutes the black laborers were mostly killed, and

the remnant broke and fled for the salt shed. Here they were met by another company of their enemies, and were taken between the two. It was an indiscriminate slaughter. Many were unarmed, and those who had weapons had no chance against numbers. After a few minutes there was not a Krooboy left standing, excepting those who saved their lives by timely flight into the bush.

Then the fiendishness of the river men found an outlet. In front of the salt shed grew a large tree. On either side of the trunk stood a huge negro with a matchet. His companions, dragging such as were not killed outright to their feet, hurled them against the tree; and as they did so, the two matchets came down, shearing through skull or neck, and the victim fell a mangled corpse at the roots of the tree. One after another were so killed, many with the negro's apparent carelessness of death, and the others with fearful shrieks. When all were killed, and only a pool of blood and a ghastly heap lay at the foot of the tree, a rush was made for the clerks' quarters; and in spite of a feeble revolver fire, an entrance was made, several were killed on the spot, and the rest tied hand and foot and hurled through the windows.

Then the united body moved towards the Europeans' house, a grotesque procession, most of them dripping with blood from their own or their victims' wounds, all tall, strongly made men, with their hair knitted up into many fantastic plaits, many armed with guns, some with matchets, and some with the horrible African spears with barbed edges and sharp hooks. As they came, the two or three black soldiers left pointed and fired the Nordenfelt gun from the salt-bag redoubt. After the flash of the gun and a yell which told of the result, the whole force with a wild rush swept up to the house and over the redoubt. Bravely standing to their post, the two black soldiers struggled with the gun; but the discharge had jammed the breech-block, and it was useless.

Stabbed and horribly mutilated, they

fell at their post, while the savage mob swept round to the stone stairs leading to the veranda. Up the first two or three steps they swept, a disordered crowd, firing their long guns indiscriminately wherever the crush would allow them to move an arm. Then the three white men appeared at the head of the stairway standing in the shadow, while the blacks below were in the bright moonlight. They were not soldiers taught to shoot with a wooden, mechanical movement, but sportsmen who knew their weapon, balance, and pull off; and as the repeating-rifles flashed and flashed, the lower steps became a shambles, savage after savage fell, blocking the way for his followers, until they turned tail and bolted for cover. Then the defenders dropped back against the wall and hurriedly refilled their magazines. In a few moments the attack began again, this time the Brass men coming on in a thinner body. Still, not one gained more than a few steps before he fell back on the writhing heap below. It was too hot to last; no one could stand against the repeating-rifle in such hands, and again the crowd broke and fled.

This time a few only remained in front of the factory, firing as fast as they could reload their guns at the veranda, where they supposed the garrison to lie. The rest went round to the rear of the building and underneath, and commenced to shoot through the wooden floors from below and through the building from side to side; while others, dragging up a good-sized cast-iron gun from one of the war canoes, fired large shot and handfuls of stones through floor and walls, while the little garrison lay down in the deepest shadow they could find. For a long time the fusillade continued steadily, while the white men, unable to reply, crouched anxiously in their shelter. Then it ceased, except a few dropping shots, and the cries and groans from the compound, mixed with wild howls of delight, told that the Brass men were killing their prisoners and looting the stores.

Slowly the time passed, until after the usual brief African dawn the sun rose, and the three Europeans looking round, saw the ghastly heap at the foot of the stairway, where still some one moved an arm from time to time or moaned faintly; all around them the wooden sides of the houses were torn and riddled with shot. The worst was that, in the clear light, they could not stand at the stairhead, but had to retreat into the room facing it. By and by the blacks again gathered in front of the house and moved towards the stairs; but after a few moments' quick firing, during which a number of them fell, they retired, leaving the Europeans still unhurt, but with less than a dozen cartridges left. It was then suggested that three should be put on one side, so that at the last they should not fall into the hands of their enemies alive. Here the Frenchman interposed, saying that in any case they could only die, and that it were better to fire every single shot, and no one knew what might happen at the very last moment.

So they stood with parched mouths and throats, and smoke-grimed faces, waiting the end, till the boom of a gun rang out, followed by the deep tone of a steam-whistle and the R.M.S. Bathurst slowly steamed round the point close inshore. In a few moments the negroes were in full flight. Away they went, dragging with them bales and boxes, wounded comrades and prisoners; and ten minutes after the arrival of the steamer, a fleet of large canoes in full flight were all that remained, and the plucky defence of the factory came to an end.

The poor prisoners, however, fared worse. They were carried away two days' journey through the rivers and creeks, nailed to the bottom of the canoes through hands, feet and arms; and on reaching the town of Nimbi, were killed and eaten; the printer, in spite of his reliance on his friends there, suffering the same fate, after untold agony from heat and thirst, lying for two days in the fierce glare of the African sun, with the rusty nails eating into his flesh.

The last scene of the tragedy was enacted when her Majesty's gunboats went up the river and burned the town.

From The Spectator.

SOUTH AFRICAN ANIMALS.

Accounts of South African wild life have usually been written rather from the sportsman's point of view than from that of the naturalist. Mr. John Guille Millais, the author of "*A Breath from the Veldt*,"¹ is not only a sportsman, but a naturalist by nature, and an artist by heredity. The promise of his drawings of birds, shown in his work on Highland sport, "*Game Birds and Shooting Sketches*," is more than borne out in this handsome book, while the numerous large illustrations of the fine African antelopes in their natural surroundings, the result of days and weeks of patient observation, entitle him to a very high place among living animal painters. His eye ranges from earth to sky, and whether depicting the bare, parched plain of the veldt or the river banks of the Limpopo, soaring birds, feeding antelopes, trees, and insects fall naturally into place, while his account of his wanderings, though perhaps too diffuse, is always natural and interesting. He travelled from Cape Town to the frontier of Matabeleland, only retiring on the outbreak of war. The impression left by this journey through the best of the past and present game districts of South Africa is more satisfactory to the naturalist than might be expected. He saw nearly every animal except the white rhinoceros, the mountain-zebra, and the giraffe, whose disappearance from its ancient haunts is commonly deplored. The incident which interested him most, and which therefore claims the best attention of his readers, was his visit to the last *wild* herd of the white-tailed wildebeest, or "gnu." There are hardly more than five hundred and fifty of these strange creatures surviving in

South Africa, of which only one herd is wild. They are preserved by a wealthy old Boer, Piet Terblans, whose sons act as keepers on his immense "farm" near Kronstad. There is little of the antelope in the demeanor of these strange creatures. They seem a compound of the wild horse and the buffalo. Mr. Millais's description of their grotesque savageness, their furious vigor, strange and wanton antics, and tribal discipline, is too long for quotation and too good for condensation; but one instance of their prowess is sufficient. A wildebeest cow, with a young calf, was pursued by three of the Cape wild-dogs, — creatures as daring and persistent as the red-dogs of India. She killed two, and the third was shot by a hunter, with whom the wildebeest at once prepared to do battle.

South African lions are, beyond question, the boldest of all predatory animals, and those of Mashonaland are perhaps the boldest of all. During the night, their natural hunting time, they attack draught-animals, or even men, within a few yards of the camp-fires, and are a constant and serious danger to travellers in districts remote from the main tracks of traders. From the Zambesi, through Mashonaland, and north to the Limpopo, a chorus of complaints rises in the pages of recent travellers, whose cattle or followers have suffered from their attacks. Mr. Selous has recorded the pursuit of the post from Salisbury by a lion, and the loss of the mail-bags which the animal tore from the back of the pack-horse. Mr. Millais, who crossed the Nuanetsi River with a team of eight donkeys to draw his wagon—the oxen being left behind on account of the proximity of the "fly" country—lost three in one night by a lion attack carried out with the utmost contempt for human beings, whether white or black. He was awakened by the lion's roar, and almost immediately saw one of the tethered donkeys knocked over. It was not five yards from the fire, but in the darkness and dazzle of the fire he could not see the attacker. "We knew instinctively

¹ London: Sotheran and Co.

that a lion had killed the donkey, and was standing over him not five yards from where we were, but it was hopeless to fire unless we saw something, or at least could make certain of his whereabouts." This odd scene continued for some moments, the actors being four or five black men, two white men, a pony, seven live donkeys and a dead one, and the lion standing over the latter, with a fire partly lighting up the figures, until a couple more donkeys broke loose. They rushed into a mealie-field, and there the party heard the lion chasing first one donkey and then another, as excited and as little afraid as a dog chasing rabbits in a field of barley. "At every bound the lion emitted a subdued 'boo-uff' as his fore legs struck the ground, but the two did not go far. There was presently a loud scuffle, a crack, and the sound of a heavy body falling; then all was still." The lion chased the third donkey round the camp, killed, and ate it, and was next day shot by an ingenious trap, made by tying a rifle to posts, and fastening a string to the trigger, which the lion struck when revisiting its "kill." The unsportsmanlike method of compassing its death is excused by Captain Millais on the ground of necessity. This lion was ten feet long, from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, was in perfect health and immensely formidable. But besides the "wagon and kraal business," which occupied it at the time of its last attack, it had taken to killing women when game and native goats were scarce, and travelling teams had not yet come up-country. Six women had been killed by it from one village. These South African lions have not the fine mane which they show in captivity, and in pictures drawn by English artists to illustrate books on African sport. Dr. Livingstone noted the odd resemblance of the lion's roar to that of the ostrich. Mr. Millais says that though the roar of the latter is not so loud, it has exactly the same tone as that of the lion. But the ostrich always roars his best, the lion very seldom. This is partly because a "good"

roar needs a great physical effort. The whole interior and muscles of mouth, throat, stomach, and abdomen, are, for the moment, converted into an organ of terrific sound, and the sound *does* make the earth tremble,—or appear to do so. But the attitude is not that usually drawn. Unless he roars lying down, when he puts his head up, like a dog barking, the lion "emits his first moan in any position, then draws in his neck and lowers his head with extended jaws, right down to his fore paws, as if about to be violently sick; while at the same time the back is arched, and the whole animal bears an appearance of concentrated strain." An admirable profile sketch shows this characteristic position when roaring, and shows one point omitted in the description,—the distension of the stomach at the moment each "roar" is coughed out by the lion. This is Captain Millais's phonetic rendering of the sound, taken when listening to three lions roaring their best:—

Moan—roar — r-o-a-r — roar — roar—roar
grunt—grunt—grunt—grunt (*dying away*).

Why lions roar, when it ought to pay better to keep silent, is not yet explained. General Hamilton was convinced that tigers hunting in company roar to confuse and frighten the deer. Possibly the lion roars, when prowling round a camp, in the hope of causing some of the draught-animals to break loose; at other times, it appears to be a form of conversation with others at a distance. Another antelope must, it seems, be added to the species which occasionally make a successful defence against the lion. This is the sable antelope, a large animal with long, backward-curving horns. When on the defensive it lies down, and protects its back and flanks by backward sweeps of these sabre-like weapons.

The insect-life of the veldt is very abundant. At one point Mr. Millais overtook an army of ants on the march. "It was about as like a regiment on the march as anything could possibly be," he writes. "As nearly as I could esti-

mate the number, there were about two or three thousand big ants, and all were formed into 'fours,' though in military phrase the 'fours' did not keep their 'dressing.' The outside members of each 'four' never moved from their position, but the insiders constantly kept changing places across the column. They moved along like a huge black snake, and were led by a single ant, who examined the ground like a scout, while the column implicitly followed his movements, and apparently his directions." Four times Mr. Millais picked up and threw away the leader, and thrice another came forward to take its place, when the army, which had halted, resumed its march.

The locust-swarms on the veldt represent a travelling stock of animal food, which not only change the face of nature, as the locusts eat their way along, but brings another fauna in its train,—the pursuing animals. The plover migrates wholly in accordance with the movements of the locusts, while even herbivorous animals seem disposed to eat them. These and other insects are also relished by the baboons, and Mr. Millais watched and sketched these creatures hunting for water-insects on the banks of the Nuanetsi.

This was a naturalist's paradise. Every evening the flocks of saddle-backed storks used to "fly spirals," exhibiting in concert the movement by which M. Marey accounted for the apparently horizontal soaring of birds. There too the vultures met to bathe before breakfast—a habit with which these birds are seldom credited; lions and leopards haunted the dense reed-beds, kingfishers, egrets, plovers, Egyptian geese, Bateleur eagles, and white-headed eagles were seen daily. Readers of Mr. Millais's last book will remember his pictures of the Highland eagles "driving" ptarmigan. He has an almost photographic power of eye for drawing birds in movement, and his sketches of the African species are even better than those of the Scotch birds. Visitors to the Zoo are familiar with "Bateleur's eagle;" its crimson beak and legs and large dark eye make it among the handsomest of the species. This bird, Mr. Millais notes, flies with its chin laid almost on its breast, so that it looks backward *between its legs* when hunting. Many animals lie still till an eagle has passed, and then rise and run. The "Bateleur," it is surmised, knows this, and keeps its eye on the ground behind it.

The Rats of Paris.—Lord Playfair has contributed to a foreign publication an article entitled "Waste Products Made Useful," in which he mentions many curious and interesting facts, but none more curious than the one here given. "Of all living things rats seem to be among the most repulsive; and when dead what can be their use? But even they are the subjects of production in industrial arts. In Paris there is a pond surrounded by walls into which all dead carcasses are thrown. A large colony of rats has been introduced from the catacombs. The rats are most useful in clearing the flesh from the bones, leaving a clean-polished skeleton fitted for the makers of phosphorus. At the base of the

wall numerous shallow holes are scooped out just sufficient to contain the bodies of the rats but not their tails. Every three months a great battue takes place during which the terrified rats run into the holes. Persons go round, and catching the extending tails pitch the rats into bags, and they are killed at leisure. Then begins manufacture. The fur is valuable and finds a ready sale. The skins make a superior glove—the *gant de rat*—and are specially used for the thumbs of kid gloves because the skin of the rat is strong and elastic. The thigh-bones were once valued as toothpicks for clubs, but are now out of fashion; while the tendons and bones are boiled up to make the gelatine wrappers for bon-bons."

